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THE  
POETS  
OF  
**GREAT BRITAIN,**

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

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VOL. LV.

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**MALLETT, with GRAY and R. WEST:**







**The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN Complete**



**MALLE T.**

and clasp within his grasp  
was clench'd a broken Oar

*Imagined by the Author  
of the Tale of the*



THE  
**POETICAL WORKS**  
OF  
**DAVID MALLET.**

WITH  
*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,*

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L I D.

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Rapt, I foresee thy MALLET's early aim  
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame      SAVAGE.

Thus roaming with advent'rous wing the globe,  
From scene to scene excursive, I behold  
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,  
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace  
The sov'reign Maker, first, supreme, and best,  
Who actuates the whole, at whose command,  
Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,  
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove  
And scourge the nations.      The EXCURSION.

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IN ONE VOLUME

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SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.



THE LIFE  
OF  
DAVID MALLET,

BY  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

OF DAVID MALLET, having no written memorial, I am able to give no other account than such as is supplied by the unauthorized loquacity of common fame, and a very slight personal knowledge.

He was by his original one of the Macgregors, a clan, that became, about sixty years ago, under the conduct of Robin Roy, so formidable and so infamous for violence and robbery, that the name was annulled by a legal abolition; and when they were all to denominate themselves anew, the father, I suppose, of this author, called himself Malloch.

David Malloch was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *Janitor* of the High School at Edinburgh; a mean office, of which he did not

afterwards delight to hear. But he surmounted the disadvantages of his birth and fortune ; for, when the Duke of Montrose applied to the College of Edinburgh for a tutor to educate his sons, Malloch was recommended ; and I never heard that he dishonored his credentials.

When his pupils were sent to see the world, they were entrusted to his care ; and having conducted them round the common circle of modish travels, he returned with them to London, where, by the influence of the family in which he resided, he naturally gained admission to many persons of the highest rank, and the highest character, to wits, nobles, and statesmen.

Of his works, I know not whether I can trace the series. His first production was "William and Margaret\*;" of which, though it contains nothing very striking or difficult, he has been envied the reputation ; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but never proved.

Not long afterwards he published the "Excursion" (1728) ; a desultory and capricious view of such scenes of nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him, to describe. It is not devoid of poetical spirit. Many of the images are striking, and many of the paragraphs are elegant.

[\* "Mallet's William and Margaret" was printed in Aaron Hill's Plain Dealer," No 36, July 24, 1724. In its original state it was very different from what it is in the last edition of his works. Dr. J.

The cast of diction seems to be copied from Thomson, whose "Seasons" were then in their full blossom of reputation. He has Thomson's beauties and his faults.

His poem on "Verbal Criticism" (1733) was written to ~~pay court~~ to Pope, on a subject which he either did not understand or willingly misrepresented: and is little more than an improvement, or rather expansion, of a fragment which Pope printed in a Miscellany long before he ingrafted it into a regular poem. There is in this piece more ~~perfection~~ than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. The versification is tolerable, nor can criticism allow it a higher praise.

His first tragedy was "Eurydice," acted at Drury Lane in 1731; of which I know not the reception nor the merit, but have heard it mentioned as a mean performance. He was not then too high to accept a Prologue and Epilogue from Aaron Hill, neither of which can be much commended.

Having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seems inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover. What other proofs he gave of disrespect to his

native country, I know not ; but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend.

About this time Pope, whom he visited familiarly, published his " Essay on Man," but concealed the author ; and, when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked him slightly what there was new. Mallet told him, that the newest piece was something called an " Essay on Man," which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of his subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret.

A new edition of the works of Bacon being prepared (1740) for the press, Mallet was employed to prefix a Life, which he has written with elegance, perhaps with some affectation ; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that when he afterwards undertook the Life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher.

When the Prince of Wales was driven from the palace, and setting himself at the head of the opposition, kept a separate court, he endeavoured to increase his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under-secretary, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year ; Thomson likewise had a pension ; and they were associated in the composition of the masque of " Alfred,"

which in its original state was played at Cliefden in 1740; it was afterwards almost wholly changed by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751, but with no great success.

Mallet, in a familiar conversation with Garrick, discoursing of the diligence which he was then exerting upon the "Life of Marlborough," let him know, that in the series of great men, quickly to be exhibited, he should *find a niche* for the hero of the theatre: Garrick professed to wonder by what artifice he could be introduced; but Mallet let him know, that by a dexterous anticipation, he should fix him in a conspicuous place. "Mr. Mallet," says Garrick, in his gratitude of exultation, "have you left off to write for the stage?" Mallet then confessed that he had a drama in his hands. Garrick promised to act it; and "Alfred" was produced.

The long retardation of the Life of the duke of Marlborough shows, with strong conviction, how little confidence can be placed in posthumous renown. When he died, it was soon determined that his story should be delivered to posterity; and the papers supposed to contain the necessary information were delivered to the Lord Molesworth, who had been his favorite in Flanders. When Molesworth died, the same papers were transferred with the same design to Sir Richard Steele, who in some of his exigencies put them

in pawn. They then remained with the old dutchess, who in her will assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of a thousand pounds, and a prohibition to insert any verses. Glover rejected, I suppose, with disdain the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet; who had from the late Duke of Marlborough a pension to promote his industry, and who talked of the discoveries which he had made; but left not, when he died, any historical labours behind him.

While he was in the Prince's service, he published "Mustapha," with a Prologue by Thomson, not mean, but far inferior to that which he had received from Mallet, for "Agamemnon." The Epilogue, said to be written by a friend, was composed in haste by Mallet, in the place of one promised, which was never given. This tragedy was dedicated to the Prince his master. It was acted at Drury Lane in 1739, and was well received, but was never revived.

In 1740, he produced, as has been already mentioned, the masque of "Alfred," in conjunction with Thomson.

For some time afterwards he lay at rest. After a long interval, his next work was "Amyntor and "Theodora" (1743), a long story in blank verse; in which it cannot be denied that there is copiousness and elegance of language, vigour of sentiment, and imagery well adapted to take possession



of the fancy. But it is blank verse. ~~This~~ he sold to Vaillant for one hundred and twenty pounds. The first sale was not great, and it is now lost in forgetfulness.

Mallet, by address or accident, perhaps by his dependence on the Prince, found his way to Bolingbroke; a man whose pride and petulance made his kindness difficult to gain, or keep, and whom Mallet was content to court by an act, which, I hope, was unwillingly performed. When it was found that Pope had clandestinely printed an unauthorised pamphlet called "The Patriot King;" Bolingbroke, in a fit of useless fury, resolved to blast his memory, and employed Mallet (1749) as the executioner of his vengeance. Mallet had not virtue, or had not spirit, to refuse the office; and was rewarded, not long after, with the legacy of Lord Bolingbroke's works.

Many of the political pieces had been written during the opposition to Walpole, and given to Franklin, as he supposed, in perpetuity. These, among the rest, were claimed by the will. The question was referred to arbitrators; but when they decided against Mallet, he refused to yield to the award; and by the help of Millar the bookseller published all that he could find, but with success very much below his expectation.

In 1755 his masque of "Britannia" was acted at Drury Lane; and his tragedy of "Elvira" in 1768; in which year he was appointed keeper

of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London.

In the beginning of the last war, when the nation was exasperated by ill success, he was employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accusation under the character of a "Plain Man." The paper was with great industry circulated and dispersed; and he, for his seasonable intervention, had a considerable pension bestowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

Towards the end of his life he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April 1765.

He was twice married, and by his first wife had several children. One daughter, who married an Italian of rank named Cilesia, wrote a tragedy called "Almida," which was acted at Drury Lane. His second wife was the daughter of a nobleman's steward, who had a considerable fortune, which she took care to retain in her own hands.

His stature was diminutive, but he was regularly formed; his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give it. His conversation was elegant and easy. The rest of his character may, without injury to his memory, sink into silence.

As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high class. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. His Dramas had their day, a short day, and are forgotten ; his blank verse seems to my ear the echo of Thomson. His " Life of Bacon " is known as it is appended to Bacon's volumes, but is no longer mentioned. His works are such as a writer, bustling in the world, shewing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence ; but which, conveying little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement.

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

*January 1, 1759.*

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No man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surprised, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works either to Cicero or the younger Pliny, not to mention any more among her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws, in which both eminently excelled : they were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country ; but as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions, no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage ; and, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am

induced to place your name at the head of this Collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

*Nec Phæbo gratior ulla*

*Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not applied with more propriety at first than they are now, the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you: but of that the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favor and your friendship, that I dare be positive in, without which you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it; and this any man may affirm of himself without vanity, because it is equally in every man's power;—of all that I have written on any occasion, there is not a line which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present; an humble one I confess it is, and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head: an effusion of those sentiments which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit; and may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace. Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish, may again flourish under the eye and encouragement of those few who think, and feel as you do, for the advantage and honor of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

MY LORD,

Your most faithful humble servant.

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TO THE  
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

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YOUR Grace has given leave, that these few poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name; but this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the

\* This dedication was prefixed by the Author to a small Collection of his Poems published in 1702.

present address. I do not say it, my Lord, in the style of compliment: genuine modesty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it; as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring which is used, in vain, to supply what nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue, as surely it must, your Grace has laid already the securest foundation of the former in the latter: the eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you, and from what you are known to have done in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man in the other.

The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your Grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough.

You will then see that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negociation, and that the same extensive capacity which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

\* A work which has not yet appeared.

In the mean-while,—that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy; this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient humble servant.



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## MISCELLANIES.

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### OF VERBAL CRITICISM. TO MR. POPE.

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#### Advertisement

#### *To the First and Second Editions.*

AS the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not without manifest partiality overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakespeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the public, and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakespeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances with which the Town is almost daily pestered.

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AMONG the num'rous fools, by fate design'd  
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,  
The Reading Coxcomb is of special note,  
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote ;  
Grave son of 'idle Industry and Pride,  
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.  
O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,  
That rarest science, where so few excel !

Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,  
 For wit supreme is but thy second praise : 10  
 'Tis thine, O Pope ; who chuse the better part,  
 To tell how false, how vain the Scholiast's art,  
 Which nor to taste, nor genius has pretence,  
 And if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,  
 For trifles eager, positive, and proud ;  
 Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,  
 With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,  
 What every dunce from ev'ry dunghill drew  
 Of literary offals, old or new, 20  
 Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,  
 Of points and letters, chaff and straw, to write ;  
 Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece,  
 With venerable toys from Rome and Greece ;  
 How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair,  
 If Aristotle's cap were round or square ;  
 If in the cave where Dido first was sped,  
 To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head,

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,  
 That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain : 30  
 Hence Plato quoted, or the Stagyrte,  
 To prove that flame ascends, and Snow is white ;  
 Hence much hard study without sense or breeding,  
 And all the grave impertinence of reading.  
 If Shakespeare says the noon-day sun is bright,  
 His Scholiast will remark ; it then was light,  
 Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth, and Hun,  
 To rectify the reading of a pun,

Thus nicely trifling, accurately dull,  
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool ! 40

But is there then no honor due to age ?  
No rev'rence to great Shakespeare's noble page ?  
And he who half a life has read him o'er,  
His mangled points and commas to restore,  
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,  
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Would-be pays ?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,  
Who first created and yet rules the stage,  
Bold to design, all-pow'rful to express,  
Shakespeare each passion drew in ev'ry dress : 50  
Great above rule, and imitating none,  
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own ;  
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay,  
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.  
Now eagle-wing'd, his heav'nward flight he takes,  
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes ;  
Now low, on earth, a kindred reptile creeps,  
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Such was the Poet ; next the Scholiast view ;  
Faint through the coloring, yet the features true. 60

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,  
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,  
He with slow industry goes gleaning on  
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none ;  
His brother book-worm, so'in shelf or stall,  
Will feed alike on Wool'ston and on Paul.  
By living clients hopeless now of bread,  
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead :

See him on Shakespeare pore, intent to steal  
 Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal. 70  
 Such that grave bird in northern seas is found  
 Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound.  
 Where'er the king of fish moves on before,  
 This humble friend attends from shore to shore :  
 With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,  
 He picks up what his patron drops behind,  
 With those choice cates his palate to regale,  
 And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.\*

Bless'd Genius ! who bestows his toil and pains,  
 On each dull passage each dull book contains ; 80  
 The toil more grateful as the task more low :  
 So carrion is the quarry of a crow.  
 Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,  
 There most exact the reading to restore ;  
 By dint of plodding and by sweat of face  
 A bull to change, a blunder to ~~relieve~~ :  
 Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,  
 And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.  
 For this dread Dennis (and who can forbear,  
 Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to stare ~~the~~ 90

\* This remarkable bird is called the *Strandt-Jager*. Here you see how he procures his food; and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may see him, adds the Dutchman, frequently pursuing a sort of sea-mew, called *Kulge-Gehef*, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement, which, being liquid, serves him, I imagine for drink. See *A Collection of Voyages to the North*.

+ — Quis talia fando  
 Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c.

*Verg.*

His head, though jealous, and his years fourscore,  
 Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before ;  
 For this the Scholiast claims his share of fame,  
 And, modest, prints his own with Shakespeare's name:  
 How justly, Pope ! in this short story view,  
 Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,  
 Who sense with sound and truth with rhet'ric mixt,  
 Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,  
 Inspir'd himself, his happy bearers charm'd. 100  
 The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,  
 And freely man or woman spoke their mind ;  
 All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,  
 And each rememb'ring something, prais'd the whole.  
 At last an honest sexton join'd the throng,  
 (For as the theme was large their talk was long)  
 ' Neighbours (he cry'd) my conscience bids me tell  
 ' Tho' 'twas the Doctor preach'd--I toll'd the bell.'

In this the critic's folly most is shewn :  
 Is there a genius all unlike his own, 110  
 With learning elegant, with wit well-bred,  
 And, as in books, in men and manners read ?  
 Himself, with poring credition blind,  
 Unknowing, as unknown, of human-kind,  
 That writer he selects, with aukward aim,  
 His sense at once to mimic and to maim.  
 So Florio is a Fop with half a nose ;  
 So fat West-Indian planters dress as beaux :

† See the Dedication of his remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.



Thus gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice, 119  
And Horace, strange to say! tun'd Bentley's voice.

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,  
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;  
His genius social as his judgment clear,  
When frolic prudent, smiling when severe;  
Secure each temper and each taste to hit,  
His was the curious happiness of wit:  
Skill'd in that noblest science, how to live,  
Which learning may direct, but Heav'n must give;  
Grave with Agrippa, with Mecænas gay;  
Among the fair but just as wise as they; 130  
First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,  
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

While Bentley long to wranglings schools confin'd,  
And but by books acquainted with mankind,  
Dares in the fulness of the pedant's pride  
Rhyme, though no genius, though no judge, decide;  
Yet he, prime pattern of the capstall's art,  
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part;  
Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head,  
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead: 140  
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,  
He makes them write what never poet writ;  
The Roman muse arraigns his mangling pen,  
And Paradise by him is lost agen.\*

\* This sagacious Scholiast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton, who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatium which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him, because otherwise he would have wanted a fair op-

Such was his doom impos'd by Heav'n's decree,  
 With ears that ear not, eyes that shall not see,  
 The low to swell, to level the sublime,  
 To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.  
 Great eldest-born of Dulness ! blind and bold,  
 Tyrant ; more cruel than Procrustes old, 150  
 Who to his iron-bed by torture fits  
 Their nobler part, the souls of suff'ring wits.

Such is the man who heaps his head with bays,  
 And calls on human kind to sound his praise.  
 For points transplac'd with curious want of skill,  
 For flatten'd sounds and sense amended ill.  
 So wise Caligula, in days of yore,  
 His Helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore.  
 Swore he had rifl'd ocean's richest spoils,  
 And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils. 160

Yet be his merits with his faults confest ;  
 Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.  
 Long lay the critic's work with trifles stor'd,  
 Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.  
 Men so well read, who confidently wrote,  
 Their readers could have sworn were men of note.  
 To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,  
 Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.  
 For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,  
 Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd; 170

portunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical appellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,  
 Ev'n thou, Browne Willis! thou may'st see the jest,

But what can cure our vanity of mind,  
 Deaf to reproof, and to discov'ry blind?  
 Let Brooke a brother-scholiast Shakespeare call,  
 Tibbald to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.  
 So runs the circle still : in this we see  
 The lackies of the great and learn'd agree.  
 If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,  
 Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate, 180  
 In mimic session their grave footmen meet,  
 Reduce an army, or equip a fleet,  
 And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,  
 Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyle.

Yet those whom pride and dulness join to blind,  
 To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,  
 Though with big titles each his fellow greets,  
 Are but to wits as scavengers to streets ;  
 The humble blackguards of a Pope or Gay,  
 To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away. 190

Or, if not trivial, harmful 'is their art ;  
 Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.  
 Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,  
 The Scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.  
 Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame,  
 And adding fuel to redundant flame,  
 He, sober pimp to Lechery, explains  
 What Caprea's isle or V\*'s alcove contains ;  
 Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,  
 Was lavish to his father's wife alone ; 200.



Why those fond female visits duly paid  
 To tuneful Incuba, and what her trade ;  
 How modern love has made so many martyrs.  
 And which keeps oft'nest Lady C\* or Chartres.

But, who their various follies can explain ?  
 The tale is infinite, the task were vain.  
 'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought,  
 To sum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote ;  
 To guess, ere one epistle\* saw the light,  
 How many dunces met and clubb'd their mite ; 210  
 To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,  
 Or from the brother boobies steal a trope,  
 That be the part of persevering Wasse,†  
 With pen of lead ; or Arnal ! thine of Brass ;  
 A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,  
 Who loves to teach what no man cares to learn.

How little knowledge reaps from toils like these  
 Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.  
 Yet, Critics ! would your tribe deserve a name,  
 And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame, 220  
 First from the head a load of lumber move,  
 And from the volume all yourselves approve :  
 For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments give us sense,  
 Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,

\* See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads, one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines, wholly made up of asterisks.

† See the Preface to his edition of Ballust; and read, if you are able, the Scolia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own

Where moral meaning or where taste presides,  
 And wit enlivens but what reason guides ;  
 Great without swelling, without meanness plain,  
 Serious not silly, sportive but not vain ;  
 On trifles slight, on things of use profound,  
 In quoting sober, and in judging sound. 230

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CUPID AND HYMEN,  
 OR  
 THE WEDDING DAY.

THE rising morn serenely still,  
 Had bright'ning spread o'er vale and hill,  
 Not those loose beams that wanton play  
 To light the mirth of giddy May,  
 Nor such red heats as burn the plain  
 In ardent Summer's fev'rish reign,  
 But rays all equal, soft, and sober,  
 To suit the second of October,  
 To suit the pair whose Wedding-day  
 This sun now gilds with annual ray.

Just then where our good-natur'd Thames is  
 Some four short miles above St. James's,  
 And deigns with silver-sreaming wave  
 Th' abodes of earth-born Pride to lave,  
 Aloft in air two gods were soaring,  
 While Putney sits beneath lay snoring,

Plung'd deep in dreams of ten *per cent.*  
 On sums to their dear country lent;  
 Two gods of no inferior fame,  
 Whom ancient wits with rev'rence name, 20  
 Though wiser moderns much disparage—  
 I mean the gods of Love and Marriage.

But Cupid first, his wit to show,  
 Assuming a mere modern beau,  
 Whose utmost aim is idle mirth,  
 Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth :  
 Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,  
 To grace this common-place chit-chat.

' How! on the wing by break of dawn,  
 ' Dear brother!'—there he forc'd a yawn; 30  
 ' To tell men sunk, in sleep profound,  
 ' They must ere night be gagg'd and bound !  
 ' Who having once put on thy chain,  
 ' 'Tis odds may ne'er sleep sound again.  
 ' So say the wits, but wiser folks  
 ' Still marry, and condemn their jokes :  
 ' They know each better bliss is thine,  
 ' Pure nectar, genuine from the vine !  
 ' And Love's own hand that nectar pours,  
 ' Which never fails nor ever sours; 40  
 ' Well, be it so : yet there are fools  
 ' Who dare demur to formal rules :  
 ' Who laugh profanely at their betters,  
 ' And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;  
 ' But, well or ill, jog on through life  
 ' Without that sov'reign bliss, a wife.

' Leave these at least, these sad dogs, free  
 ' To stroll with Barchus and with me,  
 ' And sup in Middlesex or Surrey  
 ' On coarse cold beef and Fanny Murray.' 50

Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,  
 You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier ;  
 While Hymen soberly reply'd,  
 Yet with an air of conscious pride ;  
 ' Just come from yonder wretched scene,  
 ' Where all is venal, false, and mean,  
 ' (Looking on London as he spoke)  
 ' I marvel not at thy dull joke :  
 ' Nor in such cant to hear thee vapour,  
 ' Thy quiver lin'd with South-Sea paper ; 60  
 ' Thine arrows feather'd at the tail  
 ' With India bonds for hearts on sale ;  
 ' Their other ends too, as is meet,  
 ' Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-street :  
 ' But could'st thou for a moment quit  
 ' These airs of fashionable wit,  
 ' And re-assume thy nobler name—  
 ' Look that way, where I turn my flame—

He said and held his torch inclin'd,  
 Which, pointed so, still brighter shin'd— 70

' Behold yon couple, arm in arm,  
 ' Whom I, eight years, have known to charm,  
 ' And while they wear my willing chains,  
 ' A god dares swear that neither feigns.  
 ' This morn, that bound their mutual vow,  
 ' That bless'd them first and blesses now,

' They grateful hail ; and from the soul  
 ' Wish thousands o'er both heads may roll,  
 ' Till from life's banquet either guest  
 ' Embracing may retire to rest. 80  
 ' Come then, all raill'ry laid aside,  
 ' Let this their day serenely glide ;  
 ' With mine thy serious aim unite,  
 ' And both some proper guests invite,  
 ' That not one minute's running sand  
 ' May find their pleasures at a stand.'

At this severe and sad rebuke,  
 Enough to make a coxcomb puke,  
 Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg'd and winc'd,  
 Not yet consenting though convinc'd ; 90  
 For 'tis your witting's greatest terror,  
 Ev'n when he feels, to own his error ;  
 Yet with a look of arch grimace  
 He took his penitential face ;  
 Said ' 'Twas perhaps the surer way  
 ' To give your grave good souls their way ;  
 ' That as true humour was grown scarce,  
 ' He chose to see a sober farce ;  
 ' For of all cattle and all fowl  
 ' Your solemn-looking ass and owl 100  
 ' Rais'd much more mirth he durst aver it,  
 ' Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot.

He said, and eastward spread his wing,  
 From London some few friends to bring,  
 His brother too, with sober cheer,  
 For the same end did westward steer ;

But first a pensive love forlorn,  
 Who three long weeping years has borne  
 His torch revers'd, and all around,  
 Where once it flam'd with cypress bound, 110  
 Sent off to call a neighb'ring friend,  
 On whom the mournful train attend ;  
 And bid him, this one day, at least,  
 For such a pair at such a feast,  
 Strip off the sable veil and wear,  
 His once-gay look and happier air.

But Hymen, speeding forward still,  
 Observ'd a man on Richmond-hill,\*  
 Who now first tries a country life,  
 Perhaps to fit him for a wife ; 120  
 But though not much on this he reckon'd,  
 The passing god look'd in and beckon'd ;  
 He knows him rich in social merit,  
 With independent taste and spirit,  
 Though he will laugh with men of whim,  
 For fear such men should laugh at him.  
 But, lo ! already on his way,  
 In due observance of the day,  
 A friend and fav'rite of the Nine,  
 Who can, but seldom cares to shine, 130  
 And one sole virtue would arrive at—  
 To keep his many virtues private ;  
 Who tends well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,  
 His lov'd companions, Ease and Health ;

\* A. Mitchel, Esq. Minister at the Court of Prussia.

# CUPID AND HYMEN.

Or in his garden, barring out  
The noise of ev'ry neighb'ring rout,  
At pensive hour of eve and prime  
Marks how the various hand of Time  
Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,  
His vegetable sons and daughters. 140

While these are on their way, behold !  
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold  
First seeks and sends his new Lord Warden\*  
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden ;  
Brave as the sword he wears in fight,  
Sincere, and briefly in the right,  
Whom never minister or king  
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.  
A second sec ! of special note,  
Plump Comust in a col'nel's coat, 150  
Whom we this day expect from far,  
A jolly first-rate man of war,  
On whom we boldly dare repose,  
To meet our friends or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his stead ?  
Strong-body'd too, and strong of head.  
Who, in whatever path he goes,  
Still looks right on before his nose,

\* The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

+ The late Colonel Caroline Scott, who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much skill, spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public in the service of the East-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

MISCELLANIES.

And holds it little less than treason  
To baulk his stomach or his reason: 160  
True to his mistress and his meat,  
He eats to love and loves to eat.

Last comes a virgin—pray admire her!  
Cupid himself attends to squire her:  
A welcome guest! we much had miss'd her,  
For 'tis our Kitty, or *his* sister.  
But, Cupid! let no knave or fool  
Snap up this lamb to shear her wool;  
No Teague of that unblushing band  
—landed, or about to land; 170  
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse  
To steal an heiress or a purse:  
No scraping, saving, saucy cit,  
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;  
No half-form'd insect of a peer,  
With neither land nor conscience clear,  
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,  
Just spell the motto on his landau:  
From all, from each of these defend her,  
But thou and Hymen both befriend her 180  
With truth, taste, honor, in a mate,  
And much good sense, and some estate.

But now, suppose th' assembly met,  
And round the table cordial set,  
While in fair order, to their wish,  
Plain neatness sends up ev'ry dish,  
And Pleasure at the sideboard stands,  
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,



To pour libations, in due measure,  
As reason wills, when join'd with pleasure— 190  
Let these white moments all be gay,  
Without one cloud of dim allay ;  
In ev'ry face let joy be seen,  
As Truth sincere, as Hope serene ;  
Let Friendship, Love, and Wit, combine  
To flavor both the meat and wine  
With that rich relish to each sense  
Which they, and they alone, dispense ;  
Let Music, too, their mirth prolong,  
With warbled air and festive song ; 200  
Then when at eve the star of Love  
Glow's with soft radiance from above,  
And each companionable guest  
Withdraws replenish'd not oppress,  
Let each, well pleas'd, at parting say—  
My life be such a Wedding-day !

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# THE EXCURSION.\*

A POEM

IN TWO CANTOS.

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## CONTENTS.—CANTO I.

INVOCATION, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursive survey of the earth and heavens. The Poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sunrise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, first northward—A view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary.—From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the midland part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time, and from the same causes likewise described.

## CANTO II,

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system, and of the fixed stars.

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## CANTO I,

COMPANION of the Muse, creative pow'r,  
Imagination! at whose great command  
Arise unnumber'd images of things,  
Thy hourly offspring thou who can'st at will

\* This poem is among the author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse, is submitted entirely to the candor of the reader.

People with air-born shapes the silent wood  
And solitary vale, thy own domain,  
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come invok'd,  
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing  
O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on high,  
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight, 10  
Excursive unconfin'd; hence from the haunts  
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—

To yon expanse of plain, where Truth delights,  
Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her  
Where blameless virtue walks. Now parting Spring,  
Parent of beauty and of song, has left  
His mantle, flow'r-embroider'd, on the ground,  
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months  
Crown his prime season with their choicest stores,  
Fresh roses op'ning to the solar ray, 20  
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,  
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,  
Heard from the distant village in the vale,  
Crows cheerly out, far sounding through the gloom:  
Night hears from where, wide hov'ring in mid-sky,  
She rules the sable hour, and calls her train,  
Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,  
The dream distressful, and th' incumbent hag, 30  
That rise to fancy's eye in horrid forms,  
While reason slumb'ring lies: at once they fly,  
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimm'ring on the verge of heav'n,  
From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,

A whit'ning lustre shoots its tender beam,  
 While shade and silence yet involve the ball :  
 Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene  
 A dewy radiance, bright'ning o'er the world :  
 Gay daughter of the Air for ever young,  
 For ever pleasing, lo ! she onward comes, 40  
 In fluid gold and azure loose array'd,  
 Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues : at her approach,  
 The western gray of yonder breaking clouds,  
 Slow-reddens into flame ; the rising mists,  
 From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away  
 In curling spires, and open all his woods,  
 High waving in the sky ; th' uncolor'd stream,  
 Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines :  
 Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realms  
 Of life and sense, and calls forth all her sweets, 50  
 Fragrance and song : from each unfolding flow'r  
 Transpires the balm of life that Zephyr wafts,  
 Delicious on his rosy wing : each bird,  
 Or high in air or secret in the shade,  
 Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn,  
 While beasts of chace, by secret instinct mov'd,  
 Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,  
 In brake or caverns slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,  
 See, from his humble roof, the good man comes 60  
 To taste her freshness, and improve her rise  
 In holy musing : rapture in his eye  
 And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul  
 With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise !

Now Industry is up: the village pours  
Her useful sons abroad to various toil ;  
The lab'rer here with ev'ry instrument,  
Of future plenty arm'd, and there the swain,  
A rural king amid his subject flocks,  
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar, 70  
The traveller, too, pursues his early road  
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls,  
And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense  
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd  
O'er heav'n's pure arch. At once the clouds assume  
Their gayest liv'ries ! these with silv'ry beams,  
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold,  
And speak their sov'reign's state. He comes; behold !  
Fountain of light and color, warmth and life ! 80  
The King of Glory ! round his head divine  
Diffusive show'rs of radiance circling flow,  
As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair  
He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,  
Where'er his universal eye surveys,  
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,  
In one bright robe with heav'nly tinctures gay.

From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain  
Half-way up heav'n ambitious, brown with woods  
Of broadest shade, and terrac'd round with walks 90  
Winding and wild, that deep embow'ring rise  
Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height,  
From hence th' ærial concave without cloud,  
Translucent, and in purest azure dress'd ;

The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain ;  
 Th' precipice abrupt ; the distant deep,  
 Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge ;  
 The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,  
 Solemn recess, whose solitary walks  
 Fair truth and wisdom love ; the bord'ring lawn 100  
 With flocks and herds enrich'd ; the daisy'd vale ;  
 The rivers crystal, and the meadows green—  
 Grateful diversity ! allure the eye  
 Abroad to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes where ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Muse,  
 Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,  
 Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,  
 To highest heav'n her thought ; to Nature's God,  
 First source of all things lovely, all things good,  
 Eternal, infinite ! before whose throne, 110  
 Sits sov'reign Bounty, and through heav'n and earth  
 Careless diffuses plentiude of bliss ;  
 Him all things own ; he speaks, and it is day ;  
 Obedient to his nod, alternate night  
 Obscures the world : the seasons at his call  
 Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

While reason thus and rapture fill the heart,  
 Friends of mankind, good angels, hov'ring near,  
 Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend,  
 And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath 120  
 When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her  
 pow'rs

Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,  
 And kindle ev'ry virtue into flame.

Celestial intercourse ! superior bliss,  
Which Vice ne'er knew ! health of th' enliven'd soul,  
And heav'n on earth begun ! Thus, ever fix'd  
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,  
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along  
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown.

Exalted to his noon the fervent sun, 130  
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out  
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embow'ring maze  
Of vale sequester'd or the fir crown'd side  
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse,  
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step  
Of musing poet and secures repose  
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day  
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,  
Sick nature pants : and from the cleaving earth  
Light vapors, undulating through the air, 140  
Contagious fly, engend'ring dire disease,  
Red plague and fever, or in fogs aloft  
Condensing, shew a ruffling tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from th' Atlantic surge,  
Wild world of waters ! distant clouds ascend  
In vap'ry confluence, deep'ning cloud on cloud,  
Then rolling dust along to east and north,  
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,  
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon.  
Lo ! bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand, 150  
In homeward warnings through each feeling nerve  
Haste from the hour of terror and of storm.  
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,

Amid conflicting elements, where Dread  
 And Death attend, the servants of his nod,  
 First in deaf murmurs sounds the deep alarm,  
 Heard from afar, awak'ning awful thought.  
 Dumb sadness fills this nether world ; the gloom  
 With double blackness lours ; the tempest swells  
 And expectation shakes the heart of man. 160

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend  
 Broad o'er the south, fermenting in their womb,  
 Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,  
 Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd  
 From mine or unctuous soil ; and, lo ! at once,  
 Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,  
 Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.  
 Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,  
 Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,  
 On all sides burning ; now the face of things 170  
 Disclosing, swallow'd now in tenfold night  
 Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing roar,  
 From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,  
 Amazing bursts ! Air, sea, and shore, resound :  
 Horror sits shudd'ring in the felon-breast,  
 And feels the deathful flash before it flies :  
 Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,  
 And all is storm within. The murd'rer, pale  
 With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,  
 Hears and flies wild, pursu'd by all his fears, 180  
 And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain  
 Rise hideous glaring on him through the gloom.

Hark ! through th' ærial vault the storm, inflam'd,



Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,  
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst ;  
Torn from its base, as if the gen'ral frame  
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,  
With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion flash'd :  
Destruction marks its path. Yon' riven oak  
Is hid in smould'ring fires ; surpris'd beneath 190.  
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,  
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to heav'n,  
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,  
All horrible, had sped their steps, behold !  
The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes  
Shudd'ring and speechless round—O Pow'r divine !  
Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of Fate,  
Thy hand, though terrible, shall man decide  
If punishment or mercy dealt the blow ?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies 200  
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd ;  
At once the clouds fly scatt'ring, and the sun  
Breaks out with boundless splendor o'er the world.  
Parent of light and joy ! to all things he  
New life restores, and from each drooping field  
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists  
Fast-rising to his ray, till ev'ry flow'r  
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,  
From sense of late felt-danger, till confirm'd, 210  
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird  
Rejoice aloud to heav'n : on either hand  
The woodlands warble, and the vallies low.

So pass the songful hours. And now the sun,  
 Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,  
 Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,  
 The space of many seas beneath his eye,  
 Heaves in soft swellings murm'ring to the shore :  
 A circling glory glows around his disk  
 Of milder beams : part, streaming o'er the sky, 220  
 Inflame the distant azure ; part below  
 In level lines shoot through the waving wood,  
 Clad half in light and half in pleasing shade,  
 That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon' ev'ning clouds,  
 Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,  
 Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,  
 Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes  
 Of visionary beauty, antique tow'rs  
 With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,  
 Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink 230  
 As sportful fancy lists ; till late the sun  
 From human eye, behind earth's shading orb,  
 Total withdrawn, th' aerial landscape fades.

Distinction fails, and in the dark'ning west  
 The last light, quiv'ring, dimly dies away.  
 And now th' illusive flame oft' seen at eve  
 Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,  
 Guides o'er the lawn, betok'ning Night's approach :  
 Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,  
 Onward she comes with silent step and slow, 240  
 In her browu mantle wrapt, and brings along  
 The sll, the mild, the melancholy hour,  
 And Meditation, with his eye on heav'n,

Musing in sober mood, of time and life,  
That fly with unreturning wing away  
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,  
Eternity <sup>1</sup> through desert ways I walk,  
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shunn'd  
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,  
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand, 250  
With fancy all arous'd.—Far on the left  
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,  
The raven's haunt, and down its woody steep  
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls  
His sounding waters ; white on ev'ry cliff  
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the  
gloom.

Behind me rises huge a rev'rend pile  
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,  
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells :  
Brooding o'er sightless skulls and crumbling bones  
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare 261  
(Sad trophies of his pow'r where ivy twines  
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,  
The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,  
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,  
Whose monumental flatt'ry mix'd with dust,  
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.  
All is dead silence here, and undisturb'd,  
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl  
Screams solitary to the mournful moon, 270  
Glimm'ring her western ray through yonder aisle,

Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot  
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.  
Hail, midnight shades ! hail venerable Dome !  
By age more venerable ; sacred shore,  
Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,  
Where never wind of passion or of guilt,  
Of suff'ring or of sorrow, shall invade  
The calm sound night of those who rest below :  
The weary are at peace; the small and great, 280  
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here ;  
Here sleeps the pris'ner safe, nor feels his chain,  
Nor hears th' oppressors voice. The poor and old,  
With all the sons of Mourning, fearless now  
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.  
Proud Greatness, too, the tyranny of pow'r,  
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,  
And name and place, are here—for ever lost !

But, at near distance on the mould'ring wall  
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd, 290  
And fair inscription, where with head declin'd,  
And folded arms, the virtues weeping round  
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.  
Thyrsis—'tis he ! the wisest and the best !  
Lamented Shade ! whom ev'ry gift of Heav'n  
Profusely bless'd ; all learning was his own ;  
Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,  
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear :  
His manners greatly plain : a noble grace,  
Self-taught beyond the reach of mimic Art, 300  
Adorn'd him : his calm temper winning mild ;

Nor pity softer, nor was Truth more bright :  
Constant in doing well, he neither sought  
Nor shunn'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd  
Near him neglected ; sympathizing, he  
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye  
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.

'Tis morning, and the sun his welcome light  
Swift from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,  
Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face 310  
With heav'n-born beauty: o'er her ample breast,  
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along  
Quick as the darted beam from pole to pole,  
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,  
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,  
Region of horrors ! here amid the roar  
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence  
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides th' ungenial pow'r  
For ever silent, shiv'ring and forlorn !  
From Zembla's cliffs on to the straights surmis'd 320  
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose  
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar-sea,  
One glitt'ring waste of ice, and on the morn  
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo ! hills of snow,  
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp, ascend,  
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun  
Impenetrable, rising from afar  
In misty prospect dim, as if on air  
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds :  
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime, 330  
Horrid and harbourless where all life dies,

Advent'rous mortals urg'd by thirst of gain,  
Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,  
Roam the wild waves in search of doubtful shores,  
By west or east, a path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,  
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave  
The blue sky lean's her breast, diffus'd immense  
In solitary length the Desert lies  
Where desolation keeps his empty court: 340  
No bloom of spring o'er all the thirsty vast,  
Nor spiry grass, is found, but sands instead  
In steril hills, and rough rocks rising gray.

A land of fears ! where visionary forms  
Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire,  
Swarm, and before them speechless Horror stalks !  
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,  
The secret hag, and sorcerer unblest'd  
Their Sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,  
Spoils of the violated grave ; and now, 350  
Late, at the hour that severs night from morn,  
When sleep has silenc'd ev'ry thought of man,  
They to their revels fall, infernal throng !  
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn  
To the four winds of heav'n with haggard gaze,  
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,  
Op'ning the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,  
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,  
Heard in low murmurs through the low'ring sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of Death,  
With devious wing to farer climes remote 361

Southward I stray, where Caucasus in view,  
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence  
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,  
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,  
Pale-glitt'ring with eternal snows to heav'n.  
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest  
                  shades

Scarce climb to darken, rough with murm'ring woods,  
Imagination travels with quick eye  
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wond'ring views, 370  
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles,  
Her mighty continents, outstretch'd immense,  
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,  
Their regions numberless extend ; and where,  
To farthest point of west, Columbus late  
Through untry'd océans borne to shores unknown  
Moor'd his first keel advent'rous, and beheld  
A new, a fair, a fertile world arise !

But nearer scenes of happy rural view,  
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill, 380  
The Muse's walk, on which the sun's bright eye  
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.  
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,  
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods  
Of vegetable gold, with vales amid'st,  
Lavish of flow'rs and fragrance, where soft Spring,  
Lord of the year, indulges to each field  
The fanning breeze, live spring, and shelt'ring grove.

In these bless'd plains a spacious city spreads  
Its round extent magnificent, and seems      390

The seat of empire : dazzling in the sky,  
With far-seen blaze, her tow'ry structures shine,  
Elab'rate works of art ! each op'ning gate  
Sends forth its thousands : peace and plenty round  
Environ her. In each frequented school  
Learning exalts his head, and Commerce pours  
Into her arms a thousand foreign realms  
How fair and fortunate ; how worthy all  
Of lasting bliss secure : yet all must fall,  
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found.

A sullen calm unusual, dark and dread, 401  
Arises inauspicious o'er the heav'ns.  
The beamless sun looks wan ; a sighing cold  
Winters the shadow'd air ; the birds on high,  
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand :  
And now, within the bosom of the globe,  
Where sulphur stor'd and nitre peaceful slept,  
For ages, in their subterranean bed,  
Ferments the approaching tempest. Vap'ry streams,  
Inflammable, perhaps by wind sublim'd, 410  
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mass,  
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,  
With horror unconceiv'd, dislodged bursts  
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore  
Reels the broad continent with all its load,  
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes ;  
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,  
And lightning's ruddy glare, while from beneath  
Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound  
Rueful are heard, as when despair complains. 420



Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital  
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,  
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads  
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,  
Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around,  
A moment's dreadful silence ! Then loud screams  
And eager supplications rend the skies.  
Lo ! crowds on crowds, in hurry'd stream along,  
From street to street, from gate to gate, roll'd on,  
This, that way burst in waves, by horror wing'd 430  
To distant hill or cave, while half the globe,  
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,  
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd  
In surges, her vex'd surface rolls a sea ;  
Ruin ensues ; towr's, temples, palaces,  
Flung from their deep foundation, roof on roof  
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,  
Fall total—In that universal groan,  
Sounding to heav'n, expir'd a thousand lives,  
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck !

Sight full of fate ! up from the centre torn 441  
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,  
Flashing pale flames—down through the gulfs  
profound,  
Screaming, whole crowds of ev'ry age and rank,  
With hands to heav'n rais'd high imploring aid,  
Prone to th' abyss descend, and o'er their heads  
Earth shuts her pond'rous jaws. Part lost in night  
Return no more ; part on the wafing wave,  
Borne through the darkness of th' infernal world,

Far distant rise, emerging with the flood, 450  
 Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,  
 A shudd'ring band ! distraction in each eye  
 Stares wildly motionless ; they pant, they catch  
 A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim  
 The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate,  
 Short interval ! a moment's doubtful life :  
 For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent  
 With final dissolution, the huge mass  
 Falls undermin'd—Down, down th' extensive seat  
 Of this fair city, down her buildings sink ! 460  
 Sinks the full pride her ample walls inclos'd,  
 In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond  
 Heav'n's loudest thunder ! Uproar unconceiv'd !  
 Image of Nature's gen'ral frame destroy'd !

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep,  
 The purposes of Heav'n ! at once o'erthrown  
 White age and youth, the guilty and the just,  
 O seemingly severe, promiscuous fall !  
 Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores,  
 The fearful providence, confus'd subdu'd 470  
 To silence and amazement, with due praise  
 Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores  
 His will unerring, wisest, justest, best !

The country mourns around with alter'd look :  
 Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring  
 Sat gaily dress'd amid the vernal breath  
 Of roses, and the song of nightingales  
 Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die ;  
 Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave

A sandy tract; and goodly mountains hurl'd, 480  
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plains  
With rough encumbrance, or through depths of  
earth

Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.  
Sulphureous damps, of dark and deadly pow'r,  
Steam'd from th' abyss, fly secret overhead,  
Wounding the healthful air, whence foul disease,  
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks,  
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life  
Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill  
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd : 490  
Here into madness work'd and boiling o'er  
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea,  
Foaming out mud and filth; here downward sunk  
To folly, and in idle musing warp'd,  
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud,  
Now numb'ring up the drops of falling rain.

A while the fiery spirit in its cell  
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,  
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof  
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collision down 500  
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark  
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,  
Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd  
The flames bear downward on the central deep,  
Immeasurable source, whence Ocean fills  
His num'rous seas, and pours them round the globe.  
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse  
In dire commotion boils, and bursting way

Up through th' unsounded bottoms of the main,  
 Where never tempest ruff'd, lifts the deep,      510  
 At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,  
 With raving violence : and now their shores,  
 Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,  
 O'erswelling mound and cliff; now swift and strange,  
 With reflux wave retreating leave the beach  
 A naked waste of sands—Mean-time, behold !  
 Yon' neighb'ring, mountain rising bleak and bare,  
 Its double top in sterile ashes hid,  
 But green around its base with oil and wine,  
 Gives sign of storm and desolation near,      520  
 Storehouse of Fate ; from whose infernal womb,  
 With fiery min'rals and metallic ore  
 Pernicious freight, ascends eternal smoke ;  
 Now wav'ring loose in air, now borne on high,  
 A dusky column height'ning to the sun !  
 Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd  
 The steepy gulph, pale-flaming and profound,  
 With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd  
 To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds  
 As of a clam'ring multitude enrag'd,      530  
 The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds,  
 Through wint'ry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,  
 Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns :  
 Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws  
 A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave  
 In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,  
 Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day,  
 With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts

Of stones and cinders rattling up the air :  
Instant in one broad burst a stream of fire 540  
Red-issuing floods the hemisphere around.  
Nor pause nor rest ; again the mountain groans,  
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook ;  
Again with loud'ning rage, intensely fierce,  
Disgorges pyramids of quiv'ring flame,  
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,  
Flung out in thund'ring ruins to the sky.

But see ! in second pangs the roaring hill  
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,  
Gradual and vast in one ascending trunk, 550  
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,  
On its own base direct, aloft in air,  
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight,  
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,  
With wonder seen, ten thousand light'nings play  
In flash'd vibrations, and from height to height  
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now  
Protruded by th' explosive breath below,  
At once the shadowy summit breaks away  
To all sides round, in billows broad and black, 560  
As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,  
A vap'ry deluge hiding earth and heav'n.

Thus all day long ; and now the beamless sun  
Sets as in blood : a dreadful pause ensues,  
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.  
Sad night at once, with all her deep dy'd shades,  
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene : suspense  
And terror rule the hour. Behold ! from far,

Imploring Heav'n with supplicating hands  
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd, 570  
Yon' peopled city stands, each sadden'd face  
Turn'd t'wards the hill of fears ; and, hark ! once  
more

The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,  
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near  
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar  
Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,  
That planted by the murd'rous hand of War  
To shake the round of some proud capital,  
At once dislodged, in one bursting peal  
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky, 580  
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke  
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd :  
Mean-while the fluid lake that works below,  
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,  
Heaves up its boiling tide : the lab'ring mount  
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,  
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours  
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,  
That glimmer through the night to yonder plain :  
Divided there, a hundred torrent streams, 590  
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,  
Resistless ; villages, and woods, and rocks,  
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,  
Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit  
Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,  
And where the vineyard spread her purple store  
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd

Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flow'r, from end to end  
Lies bury'd under fire, a glowing sea !

Thus roaming with advent'rous wing the globe,  
From scene to scene excursive, I behold 601  
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,  
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace  
The sov'reign Maker, first, supreme, and best,  
Who actuates the whole ; at whose command,  
Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,  
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove  
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,  
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim  
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd. 610

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## CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating pow'r  
On earth, but chief on high through heav'n  
display'd :

There shines the full magnificence, unveil'd  
Of Majesty divine : refulgent there  
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train  
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye  
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.

To those bright climes, awak'ning all her pow'rs,  
And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse  
Ascending soars on through the fluid space, 10  
The buoyant atmosphere, whose vivid breath,

Soul of all sublunary life, pervades  
 The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths  
 Diffus'd with quick'ning energy. Now still,  
 From pole to pole th' ærial ocean sleeps,  
 One limpid vacancy; now rous'd to rage  
 By blust'ring meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud,  
 With thund'rous fury charg'd, its billowy rise,  
 And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,  
 A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd, 20  
 Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal sphere  
 Receding flies approach, its circling arch  
 Alike remote, translucent, and serene:  
 Glorious expansion! by th' Almighty spread,  
 Whose limits who hath seen! or who with him  
 Hath walk'd the sun pav'd circuit from old time,  
 And visited the host of heav'n around! [small  
 Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how  
 The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd;  
 Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change. 30  
 But here unruffled Calm her even reign  
 Maintains eternal; here the lord of day,  
 The neighb'ring Sun, shines out in all his strength,  
 Noon without night. Attracted by his beam  
 I thither bend my flight, tracing the source  
 Where morning springs; whence her innum'rous  
 streams  
 Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways  
 Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain orb,  
 Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken  
 Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air, 40



Are but a central point, expands immense,  
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,  
That deluges all ether with its tide.  
What pow'r is that which to its circle bounds  
The violence of flame ! in rapid whirls  
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave  
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world !  
Motion incredible ! to which the rage  
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once  
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell      50  
That radiance beyond measure on the sun  
Pour'd out transcendant ! those keen-flashing rays  
Thrown round his state, and to yon' worlds afar  
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy !  
Such virtue he, the Majesty of heav'n,  
Brightness original ! all-bounteous king !  
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere  
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike  
Resplendent : in these liquid regions pure,  
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,      60  
And dim the day ; whence that malignant light,  
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year  
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise,  
In shady circles, like the moon beheld  
From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face  
Turns thitherward opaque ; a space they brood  
In congregated clouds, then breaking, float  
To all sides round : dilated some and dense,  
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees  
Spread from the confines of the light along,      70

Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure  
On to its adverse coast, till there they set,  
Or vanish scatter'd, meas'ring thus the time  
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

Fairest of beings ; first-created Light !  
Prime cause of beauty ! for from thee alone  
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race, [charms,  
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their  
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,  
From thy unfailing source of splendor draw ! 80  
In thy pure shine with transport I survey  
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,  
Their magnitudes and motions ; those how vast !  
How rapid these ! with swiftness unconceiv'd,  
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,  
Unerring, undisturb'd, the sun's bright train,  
Progressive through the sky's bright fluent borne  
Around their centre. Mercury the first,  
Near bord'ring on the day, with speedy wheel  
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes, 90  
With sevenfold splendor, all his azure road.

Next Venus to the westward of the sun,  
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,  
Circles her larger round. Fair morning star !  
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,  
The seat of man, hung in the heav'ns remote,  
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees  
The sun arise, as through the zodiac roll'd ;  
Full in the middle path oblique she winds  
Her annual orb ; and by her side the Moon 100

Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,  
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply  
A softer day-light, whose attractive pow'r  
Swells all her seas and ocean's into tides,  
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.

Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,  
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,  
With kingly state, the rival of the sun ;  
About him round four planetary moons,  
On earth with wonder all night long beheld, 110  
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.  
These in th' horizon slow ascending climb  
The steep of heav'n, and, mingling in soft flow  
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.  
Those opposite roll downward from their noon  
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length  
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky  
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,  
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,  
Fading their lustre, till they sink involv'd 120  
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.  
By this the sage, who studious of the skies,  
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,  
By this observ'd the rapid progress finds  
Of light itself ; how swift the headlong ray  
Shoots from the sun's height through unbounded  
space,

At once enlight'ning air, and earth, and heav'n.

Last utmost Saturn walks his frontier round,  
The boundary of worlds, with his pale moons

Faint-glimm'ring through the darkness Night has  
thrown, 130

Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn ;  
An endless desert, where extreme of cold

Eternal sits, as in his native seat,

On wint'ry hills of never-thawing ice !

Such Saturn's earth ; and yet ev'n here the sight

Amid these doleful scenes new matter finds

Of wonder and delight ! a mighty ring,

On each side rising from th' horizon's verge,

Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round

Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on 140

Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,

Climes slowly to its height, and at th' approach

Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace

Draws westward off, till thro' the lucid round

In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen.

Beauteous appearance ! by th' Almighty's hand

Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,

Great universal Ruler ! earth and heav'n

Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,

Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime, 150

That lifts the soul to thee ! a holy joy,

By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd

Beyond all height—for thou art infinite ;

Thy virtual energy the frame of things

Pervading actuates ; as at first thy hand

Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky,

Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes

Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each,

Obervant all of one unchanging law.

Simplicity divine ! by this sole rule, 160  
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds  
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world  
With mutual love, and to their central sun  
All gravitating; now with quicken'd pace  
Descending t'ward the primal orb, and now  
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid pow'r infus'd  
Through universal nature, first was known  
To thee, great Newton ! Britain's justest pride,  
The boast of human race, whose tow'ring thought,  
In her amazing progress unconfin'd, 171  
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height  
Of science, whither mankind from afar  
Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,  
By death from frail mortality set free,  
A pure intelligence he wings his way [world  
Through wond'rous scenes, new-opened in the  
Invisible amid the gen'ral choir  
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,  
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul ! 180  
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,  
For God himself shines forth immediate there,  
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things  
In its ideal harmony, to him  
Stands all reveal'd—  
But how shall mortal wing  
Attempt this blue profundity of heav'n,  
Unfathomable, endless of extent !  
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,  
Whose numbers who shall tell ? stupendous host !

In flaming millions through the vacant hung, 191  
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,  
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought !  
Awful their order ; each the central fire  
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed.  
Solemn and silent, thro' the pathless void  
Nor change nor error knows. But their ways  
By Reason, bold advent'rer, unexplor'd,  
Instructed shall declare ; What search shall find  
Their times and season ! their appointed laws, 200  
Peculiar ! their inhabitants of life,  
And of intelligence, from scale to scale  
Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree,  
Numberless orders, each resembling each,  
Yet all diverse !—Tremendous depth and height  
Of wisdom and of pow'r, that this great whole  
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,  
An infinite of wonders !—Thou ! supreme,  
First independent Cause, whose presence fills  
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves, 210  
Father of human-kind ! the Muse's wing  
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of heav'n  
Roaming th' interminable vast of space,  
She rises, tracing thy almighty hand  
In its dread operations. Where is now  
The seat of mankind, earth ? where her great scenes  
Of wars and triumphs ? empires fam'd of old,  
Assyrian, Roman ? or of later name,  
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,  
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd? 220

Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,  
And sicken at the vanity that prompts  
His little deeds :—with earth, those nearer orbs,  
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,  
And each a world, are now for sight too small,  
Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,  
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,  
A glimm'ring star amid the train of night !  
While in these deep abysses of the sky,  
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns, 230  
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine ;  
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,  
Amid the northern host ! nor with less state,  
At sunless distance, huge Orion's orbs,  
Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon  
Of Sirius, burning through the south of heav'n.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame  
The Milky Way, whose stream of vivid light,  
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,  
Flows tremb'ling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,  
And whitens the long path to heav'n's extreme ; 241  
Distinguish'd tract ! but as with upward flight  
Soaring I gain th' immensurable steep,  
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown  
Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,  
Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,  
In circuit ample as the solar heav'ns.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,  
Day without cloud abides,—alone, and fill'd  
With holy horror, trembling I survey 250



Now downward through the universal sphere  
Already past ; now up to th' heights untry'd,  
And of th' enlarging prospect find no bound !  
About me on each hand new wonders rise  
In long succession ; here pure scenes of light  
Dazzling the view ; here nameless worlds afar,  
Yet undiscover'd ; there a dying sun  
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,  
(Incredible to tell !) thick vap'ry mists  
From ev'ry shore exhaling, mix obscure 260  
Innumerable clouds, dispreading slow,  
And deep'ning shade on shade ; till the faint globe,  
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams :  
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,  
With horror see, from distant spheres around,  
The source of day expire, and all his worlds  
At once involv'd in everlasting night !

Such this dread revolution : heav'n itself,  
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years :  
So this cerulean round, the work divine 270  
Of God's own hand, shall fade, and empty night  
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll  
From west to east their periods ; where the train  
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,  
With infinite excursion, through th' immense  
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky  
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,  
Whose length to trace imagination fails !  
Various their paths, without resistance all  
Through these free spaces borne ; of various face ;



Enkindled this with beams of angry light, 281  
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers  
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,  
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,  
Embody'd mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass  
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air ;  
While distant orbs, with wonder and amaze,  
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd  
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe  
Whose march is ever fatal, in whose train 290  
Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,  
Each on his pale horse rides, the ministers  
Of angry Heav'n, to scourge offending worlds !

But lo ! where one, from some far world return'd,  
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,  
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,  
Deep overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies,  
By some hid pow'r attracted from his path,  
Fearful commotion ; into that dusk tract,  
The devious comet, steep descending, falls 300  
With all his flames, rekindling into life  
Th' exhausted orb ; and swift a flood of light  
Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and  
spreads

In orient streams to his fair train afar  
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,  
And wond'ring at the morn's unhop'd return.  
In still amazement lost th' awaken'd mind  
Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd  
With all his worlds ! while thus at large her flight

Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne,  
Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk 311  
Of spirits, daily travellers from heav'n,  
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,  
Searching th' Almighty Maker in his works  
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant choir  
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures! cloth'd with brightness round  
Empyrean, from the source of light effus'd,  
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam ;  
Their will unerring, their affections pure, 320  
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,  
Whose object God alone ; for all things else,  
Created beauty, and created good,  
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more ;  
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,  
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,  
Ineffable, eternity and time ;  
The train of beings, all by gradual scale  
Descending, sumless orders and degrees ; 329  
Th' unsounded depth, which mortals dare not try,  
Of God's perfections; how these heav'n's first sprung  
From unprolific night ; how mov'd and rul'd  
In number, weight, and measure ; what hid laws,  
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all  
The will of Heav'n fulfil : some his fierce wrath  
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war ;  
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,  
To thousands : some the fate of empires rule,

Commission'd, shelt'ring with their guardian wings  
The pious monarch and the legal throne. 341

Nor is the sov'reign nor th' illustrious great  
Alone their care ; to ev'ry less'ning rank  
Of worth propitious, these bless'd minds embrace  
With universal love the just and good,  
Wherever found ; unpri'd, perhaps unknown,  
Depress'd by fortune and with hate pursu'd,  
Or inslt from the proud oppressors brow,  
Yet dear to Heav'n, and meriting the watch  
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk, 350

At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,  
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul  
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake  
The sin-born vanities and low pursuits  
That busy human-kind ; to view their ways  
With pity ; to repay for num'rous wrongs  
Meekness and charity ; or, rais'd aloft,  
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey  
The circuit of creation, all these suns  
With all their worlds ; and still from height to  
By things created rising, last ascend [height,  
To that First Cause who made, who governs all,  
Fountain of being, self-existent Pow'r,  
All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age  
Endures and fills th' immensity of space ;  
That infinite diffusion, where the mind  
Conceives no limits ; undistinguish'd void,  
Invariable, where no land-marks are,  
No paths to guide imagination's flight. ~ 369

## AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

## PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy ; but the Author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in, for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public, though to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or Western isles, that surround one part of Great Britain, it may not be improper to inform the reader that he will find a particular account of it in a little treatise published near half a century ago, under the title of A Voyage to St. Kilda. The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes, at length, the situation, extent and produce, of that solitary island ; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants ; a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore

the least unhappy in their lives, of any perhaps on the face of the whole earth; to whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours, *Plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta.*

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold, but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor, for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them, besides, a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius for poetry, and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading-town in North Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock, but insisted that in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher, however the caverns

formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill-thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees, which he saw then for the first time, as in his own island there grows not a shrub, equally surprised and delighted him; but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters, and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world; for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles II. when

those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate, and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were oft the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted, whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction; and I know that the original is still kept in the Secretary's-office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second Canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this Poem may meet with the Author cannot foresee; and in his humble but happy retirement he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole; to be true to Nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but, above all, ineffectu-

ally touching the passions, which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry; the candor of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.



AMYNTOR AND THEODORA ;

OR

THE HERMIT.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

---

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,  
Whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone ;  
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,  
That in sweet union harmonize thy mind ;  
Here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe,  
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow.  
O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heav'n prefer'd  
For thee, for him, by gracious Heav'n be heard !  
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine  
Unmixed ; and all Amyntor's fondness mine.  
So through long vernal life, with blended ray,  
Shall Love light up, and Friendship close our  
day ;  
Till, summon'd late this lower heav'n to leave,  
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

## CANTO I.

**F**AR in the wat'ry waste, where his broad wave  
 From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls,  
 On from the piny shores of Labrador  
 To frozen Thulé east, her airy height  
 Aloft to heav'n remotest Kilda lifts,  
 Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,  
 In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.  
 Thrice happy land ! though freezing on the verge  
 Of Arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts  
 That polish, to deprave each softer clime,      10  
 With simple nature, simple virtue, bless'd !  
 Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War  
 Uprear'd his sanguine standard, nor unsheath'd,  
 For wealth or pow'r, the desolating sword ;  
 Where Luxury, soft Syren, who around  
 To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup  
 Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills  
 Is yet a name unknown : but calm Content,  
 That lives to reason, ancient Faith, that binds  
 The plain community of guileless hearts      20  
 In love and union ; Innocence of ill,  
 Their guardian genius ; these the pow'rs that rule  
 This little world, to all its sons secure  
 Man's happiest life ; the soul serene and sound  
 From passion's rage, the body from disease :  
 Red on each cheek behold the rose of health ;  
 Firm in each sinew Vigour's pliant spring,

By temp'rance brac'd to peril and to pain,  
 Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep 29  
 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,  
 For food or pastime: these light up their morn,  
 And those their eve in slumber sweetly deep,  
 Beneath the north, within the circling swell  
 Of ocean's raging sound: but last and best,  
 What Av'rice, what Ambition, shall not know,  
 True Liberty is their's, the heav'n-sent guest,  
 Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,  
 With independence dwells and peace of mind,  
 In youth, in age, their sun that never sets. 39

Daughter of Heav'n and Nature, deign thy aid,  
 Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth  
 Of ev'ning forest, brown with broadest shade,  
 Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp  
 As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,  
 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot  
 Through bow'ry groves, where Inspiration sits  
 And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!  
 O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,  
 Thy wing high-hov'ring spread, and to the gale,  
 The Boreal spirit breathing lib'ral round 49  
 From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune  
 With ans'ring cadence free, as best befits  
 The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild  
 The world around, of deeper solitude,  
 Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,  
 By fate unequal and the crime of war

Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale  
 That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown,  
 Wore out the slow remains of setting life 60  
 In bitterness of thought, and with the surge,  
 And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan  
 Would often mix—Oft' as remembrance sad  
 Th' unhappy past recall'd, a faithful wife,  
 Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,  
 His soul's companion and his softer friend,  
 With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,  
 Her dawn of op'ning charms, defenceless left  
 Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,  
 By civil madness, by intemp'rate zeal 70  
 For diff'ring rites, imbitter'd into hate,  
 And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he liv'd,  
 If this was life, to load the blast with sighs,  
 Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,  
 At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard  
 The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,  
 Pour all the husband, all the father, forth  
 In unavailing anguish, stretch'd along  
 The naked beach, or shiv'ring on the cliff,  
 Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm, 80  
 Hail, snow, and show'rs, dark-drifting round his  
 head.

Such were his hours, till time, the wretch's  
 friend,

Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,  
 Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,  
 And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,

Each sullen spectre chase, his balm at length,  
 Lenient of pain, through ev'ry fever'd pulse  
 With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm  
 Arose, but unassur'd; as, after winds  
 Of ruffling wing, the sea, subsiding slow, 90  
 Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first  
 Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise  
 To heav'n his eye, and through the turbid mists,  
 By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,  
 Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,  
 All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best  
 In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand  
 Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus in his bosom, ev'ry weak excess,  
 The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge, 100  
 To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd  
 By Virtue's hand, and in her bright'ning beam  
 Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs  
 Before th' ascending sun! through faith he lives  
 Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks  
 Of Sin and Death: anticipating heav'n  
 In pious hope, he seems already there,  
 Safe on her sacred shore, and seas beyond,  
 In radiant view, the world of light and love,  
 Where peace delights to dwell, where one fair  
 morn 110

Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,  
 That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,  
 Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh  
 Yet murmurs from his breast, 'tis for the pangs

Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,  
 Still suff'ring in his fate ; 'tis for a foe  
 Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heav'n  
 That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,  
 O'er ev'ry southern clime had pour'd profuse  
 The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue 121  
 That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows  
 With florid light, his fairest month array'd ;  
 While Zephyr, while the silver-footed Dews,  
 Her soft attendants, wide o'er the field and grove  
 Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.  
 Nor here, in this ~~chilly~~ region, on the brow  
 Of Winter's wasté dominion, is unselt  
 The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise 129  
 Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,  
 With wild thyme flow'ring, betony and balm,  
 Blue lavender and carmel's \* spicy root,  
 Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate ev'ry breeze.

But high above the season full exerts  
 Its vernal force in yonder peopled rocks,  
 To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,  
 The birds of passage transmigrating come,  
 Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,  
 At Nature's summons their aerial state  
 Annual to found, and in bold voyage steer 140  
 O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,

\* The root of this plant, otherwise named *ergatis sylvestris*, is aromatic, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 180.

One certain point to one appointed shore,  
 By Heav'n's directive spirit here to raise  
 Their temporary realm, and form secure,  
 Where food awaits them copious from the wave,  
 And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;  
 Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,  
 To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard  
 Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step, 150  
 And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,  
 Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye  
 Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,  
 With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray  
 Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,  
 From pole to pole thro' boundless space diffus'd,  
 Magnificently dreadful! where at large  
 Leviathan, with each inferior name  
 Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,  
 Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.  
 Amaz'd he gazes, and, adoring, owns 161  
 The Hand almighty, who its channell'd bed  
 Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,  
 Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,  
 With ev'ry wind to wait large commerce on,  
 Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,  
 And link in bonds of intercourse and love  
 Earth's universal family. Now rose  
 Sweet ev'nings solemn hour: the sun, declin'd,  
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament, 170  
 Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,



Gave back his beamy visage to the sky  
With splendour undiminish'd, and each cloud,  
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne  
In fair ærial landscape. Here, alone,  
On Earth's remotest verge Aurelius breath'd  
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene  
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung  
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath ; 179  
When, lo ! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,  
Deaf-murm'ring rose, and plaintive roll'd along  
From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds,  
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard  
Through wintry pines, high waving o'er the steep  
Of sky-crown'd Apenine : the sea-pie ceas'd  
At once to warble ; screaming from his nest  
The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight  
From shore to sea : on came, before her hour,  
Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky  
With fearful blackness round\* : sad Ocean's face  
A curling undulation shiv'ry swept 191  
From wave to wave ; and now impetuous rose  
Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his wing,  
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep  
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.  
Aloft, and safe beneath a shelt'ring cliff,  
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood  
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd,  
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thund'ring main,  
His eye with mountains surging to the stars, 200

\* See *Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda*, p. 58.



Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave  
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view  
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds,  
Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne  
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,  
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame  
Bounds on his eye distinct: with sharpen'd ken  
Its course he watches, and in awful thought  
That Pow'r invokes, whose voice the wild winds  
hear, 209

Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heav'n,  
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,  
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,  
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.  
But, O' ill-omen'd, death devoted heads!  
For death bestrides the billow, nor your own  
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight  
Of instant Fate. And, lo! his secret seat,  
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst  
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,  
The storay Genius of the deep forsakes, 220  
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,  
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,  
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,  
Its blackest pinion, pour its loud'ning blasts  
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth  
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round  
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,  
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm  
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,

And each rent sail flies loose in distant air. 230  
 Now, fearful moment! o'er the found'ring hull  
 Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve  
 Steep from the clouds with horrid shape impends—  
 Ah! save them, Heav'n! it bursts in deluge down  
 With boundless undulation: shore and sky  
 Rebellow to the roar: at once ingulf'd,  
 Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep  
 Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept;  
 The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek:  
 He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene, 240  
 And brooding in sad silence, o'er the sight  
 To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart  
 Pour'd out to heav'n in sighs: Thy will be done,  
 Not mine, supreme Disposer of events!  
 But death demands a tear, and man must feel  
 For human woes: the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, where this receding bay\*  
 Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch  
 Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate  
 Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-roof, 250  
 Of some unfolding temple: on its height  
 Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,  
 That o'er the green roof spread their fragrant food  
 Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,  
 Involv'd in pensive thought, Aurelius past,  
 Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault  
 Remurmur'd shrill, he stopp'd, he rais'd his head,  
 And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,

\* See Martin's *Journey to St. Kilda*, p. 30.

With wonder and with pity bending o'er  
A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth  
He lay: the living lustre from his eye, 261  
The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,  
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,  
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death  
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,  
So faintly wan, through hov'ring mists at eve,  
Gray Autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd  
The briny wave, and close within his grasp  
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long  
Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breast, 270  
And struggled long for life. Of youthful prime  
He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,  
Where bold proportion and where soft'ning grace  
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

Aurelius from the breathless clay his eye  
To Heav'n, imploring, rais'd; then, for he knew  
That life, within her central cell retir'd,  
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,  
He bid transport it speedy through the vale  
To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low, 280  
Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill;  
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd  
On columns rude; its roof with verdant moss  
Light shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,  
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand  
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and  
fum'd  
The vap'ry air with aromatic smells;

Then drops of sov'reign efficacy, drawn  
 From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.  
 Slow the mortal trance, as men from dreams  
 Of dire vision, shudd'ring he awakes, 291  
 While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts  
 His flutt'ring pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek  
 The rosy current wins its refluent way.  
 Recov'ring to new pain, his eyes he turn'd  
 Severe on heav'n, on the surrounding hills -  
 With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,  
 Dissolv'd in tears around, then clos'd again,  
 As loathing light and life. At length in sounds  
 Broken and eager, from his heaving breast 300  
 Distraction spoke—' Down, down with ev'ry sail!  
 ' Mercy, sweet Heav'n!—Ha! now whole ocean  
     sweeps  
 ' In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!  
 ' We will not part—Help! help! yon' wave, be-  
     hold!  
 ' That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.  
 ' O for a sun to light this black abyss!  
 ' Gone—lost—for ever lost!' He ceas'd. Amaz'd  
 And trembling, on the pale assistants fell,  
 Whom now with greeting and the words of peace  
 Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensu'd, 310  
 Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face  
 Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:  
 Watchful, his ear each murmur, ev'ry breath,  
 Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin  
 Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade

The sacred silence due to grief supreme :  
 Then thus at last ; ‘ O from devouring seas  
 ‘ By miracle escap’d ! if, with thy life,  
 ‘ Thy sense, return’d, can yet discern the sound,  
 ‘ All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea, 320  
 ‘ Yon whirling west of tempest, led thee safe,  
 ‘ That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,  
 ‘ With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas !  
 ‘ Wast number’d with the dead, and clos’d within  
 ‘ Th’ unfathom’d gulf ; when human hope was fled,  
 ‘ And human help in vain—th’ almighty Voice  
 ‘ Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep  
 ‘ Yield up its prey ; that by his mercy sav’d,  
 ‘ That mercy, thy fair life’s remaining race,  
 ‘ A monument of wonder as of love, 330  
 ‘ May justify to all the sons of men,  
 ‘ Thy brethren, ever present in their need,  
 ‘ Such praise delights him most———  
 ‘ He hears me not.  
 ‘ Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,  
 ‘ Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,  
 ‘ Thro’ the clos’d lids, now rolls in bitter stream !  
 ‘ Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art !  
 ‘ For know, by mournful privilege ’tis mine,  
 ‘ Myself most wretched, and in Sorrow’s ways  
 ‘ Severely train’d, to share in ev’ry pang 341  
 ‘ The wretched feel, to sooth the sad of heart,  
 ‘ To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,  
 ‘ With ev’ry son and daughter of distress.  
 ‘ Speak, then, and give thy lab’ring bosom vent :

# MISCELLANIES.

My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,  
 To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,  
 ' Through reason's paths, to happiness and heav'n.'  
 The hermit thus: and, after some sad pause  
 Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown: 350  
 ' What have I heard?—On this untravell'd  
     shore,  
 ' Nature's last limit, hemm'd with oceans round  
 ' Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith  
 ' A comforter to find, whose language wears  
 ' The garb of civil life; a friend whose breast  
 ' The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!  
 ' Amazement all! my grief, to silence charm'd,  
 ' Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown!  
 ' If woes for ever wedded to despair, 359  
 ' That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me  
 ' A meet companion; one whom earth and heav'n  
 ' Combine to curse; whom never future morn  
 ' Shall light to joy, nor ev'ning with repose  
 ' Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!  
 ' From social converse though for ever barr'd,  
 ' Tho' chill'd with endless winter from the pole,  
 ' Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense  
 ' Of human woes beyond what milder climes,  
 ' By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;  
 ' O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life, 370  
 ' Touch'd by a beam from beauty all divine,  
 ' Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,  
 ' In pleasing tumult pour'd through ev'ry vein,  
 ' And panting at the heart, when first our eye

' Receives impressions? then, as a passion grew,  
' Did Heav'n, consenting to thy wish, indulge  
' That bliss no wealth can bribe, no pow'r bestow,  
' That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?  
' Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow  
' Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—  
' If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,  
' My joys conceiving, image my despair,      382  
' How totall how extreme! for this, all this,  
' Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,  
' Lies lost and burry'd there—O, awful Heav'n!  
' Who to the wind and to the whelming wave  
' Her blameless head devoted, thou alone  
' Canst tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd Maid!  
' O, most undone Amyntor!'—Sighs and tears,  
And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice sup-  
press'd :                                  390

The rest was agony and dumb despair.

Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy  
gloom

Spread, ere the glimm'ring twilight was expir'd,  
With huge and heavy horrors closing round  
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful  
scene.

The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt ;  
And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,  
With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,  
And words to sooth, not combat hopeless love :  
‘ Amyntor, by that Heav’n who sees thy tears,  
‘ By faith and friendship’s sympathy divine, 401

- Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
- This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
- Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
- How long in silent anguish to descend,
- When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
- Are fellow-mourners? He who can resign
- Has never lov'd; and wert thou to the sense,
- The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
- Cold and insensible, thy breast were then 410
- No mansion for humanity, or thought
- Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love
- And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns
- The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
- They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
- For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
- Our social sighs; and still as Morn unveils
- The bright'ning hill, or ev'ning's misty shade
- Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
- Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each, 420
- Shall be our frequent theme: then shalt thou hear
- From me, in sad return, a tale of woe
- So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart,
- Amid its own, will shudder at the ill
- That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark
- And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk:
- Here break we off; and thou, sad Mourner! try.
- Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
- With timely sleep: each gracious wing from
- heav'n,
- Of those that minister to erring man, 430



' Near-hov'ring, hush thy passions into calms;  
' Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes  
' Of brightest vision, whisper to thy heart  
' That holy peace which goodness ever shares,  
' And to us both be friendly as we need!' 435

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CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the gen'ral scene,  
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,  
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unsleeping isle  
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd,  
And in mix'd horror to Amyntor's ear,  
Borne through the gloom, his shrieking sense ap-  
pall'd.

Shook by each blast, and swept by ev'ry wave,  
Again pale Mem'ry labours in the storm;  
Again from her is torn whom more than life  
His fondness lov'd. And now another show'r  
Of sorrow o'er the dear unhappy maid 441  
Effusive stream'd, till late, through ev'ry pow'r  
The soul, subdu'd, sunk sad to slow repose;  
And all her dark'ning scenes, by dim degrees,  
Were quench'd in total night: a pause from pain  
Not long to last; for Fancy, oft awake  
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell  
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,

Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest  
 To mock with mimic shews. And, lo! the deeps  
 In airy tumult swell: beneath a hill 21

Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,  
 Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,  
 The billow's back: anon the shadowy world  
 Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,  
 Where solitary, o'er the starless void,  
 Dumb Silence broods. Through heaths of dreary  
 length,

Slow on he drags his stag'ring step infirm  
 With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar  
 Roar thro' the wild, and, plung'd in central caves,  
 Falls headlong many a fathom into night. 31

Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,  
 And bright'ning with their glow the brown abyss,  
 Rose Theodora, smiling; in her eye  
 Sat, without cloud, the soft consenting soul,  
 That guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide;  
 A spring of sudden myrtles flow'ring round  
 Their walk embow'r'd; while nightingales beneath  
 Sung spousals, as long th' enamell'd turf  
 They seem to fly, and interchang'd their souls,  
 Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms 41  
 The fair encircled; thrice she fled his grasp,  
 And fading into darkness mix'd with air—  
 'O, turn! O, stay thy flight!'—so loud he cry'd,  
 Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.  
 He groan'd, he gaz'd around; his inward sense  
 Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam.

Still on his eye the hov'ring shadow blaz'd;  
 Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,  
 Grateful deception! till returning thought 50  
 I left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour  
 Of mute and mournful night, again he felt  
 His grief, inflam'd, thro' fresh in ev'ry vein.  
 To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,  
 The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,  
 Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound:  
 Then scaling vonder cliff, prone o'er its brow  
 He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood,  
 Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's  
                     voice

Nor ow'd submission to the will of Heav'n 60  
 Restrains him; but as passion whirls his thought,  
 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,  
 Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,  
 To which himself had borne th' unhappy fair,  
 May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore  
 He roll'd his ardent eye; but not around,  
 On land or wave, within his ken appears,  
 Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed  
 The last sad tear, and lay the cov'ring mould.

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful Hours  
 Heav'n's orient gate, forth on her progress comes  
 Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp 72  
 Lifts high o'er earth and sea; while, all unveil'd,  
 The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye  
 Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,  
 Magnificently various. From this steep

Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay  
 The northern deep: amidst, from space to space,  
 Her num'rous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,  
 As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air, 80  
 Shoot gradual from her bosom; and beyond,  
 Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge  
 Of ev'ning skies, break forth the dawning hills.  
 A thousand landscapes barren some and bare,  
 Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heav'n,  
 Of horrid grandeur: some with sounding ash,  
 Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth  
 Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld  
 More lovely in the sun's adorning beam,  
 Who now, fair rising o'er yon eastern cliff, 90  
 The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,  
 Repose that Temp'rance sheds in timely dews  
 On all who live to her, his mournful guest  
 Came forth to hail, as hospital rites  
 And Virtue's rule enjoin; but first to him,  
 Spring of all charity, who gaye the heart  
 With kindly sense to glow, his matten son,  
 Superior duty, thus the sage address'd: 99

• Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun  
 First drew his splendour; Source of life and love!  
 Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling  
 face

The boundless blush of spring; O, First and Best!  
 Thy essence tho' from human sight and search,  
 Though from the climb of all created thought

' Ineffably remov'd, yet man himself,  
 ' Thy lowest child of reason, man may read  
 ' Unbounded pow'r, intelligence supreme,  
 ' The Maker's hand, on all his works impress'd,  
 ' In characters coëval with the sun, 110  
 ' And with the sun to last; from world to world,  
 ' From age to age, in ev'ry clime, disclos'd,  
 ' Sole revelation through all time the same.  
 ' Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream  
 ' For ever flowing from beneath the throne  
 ' Thro' earth, air, sea, to all things that have life;  
 ' From all that live on earth, in air and sea,  
 ' The great community of Nature's sons,  
 ' To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!  
 ' And in the rev'rent hymn my grateful voice  
 ' Be duly heard, among thy works not least, 121  
 ' Nor lowest, with intelligence inform'd,  
 ' To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd,  
 ' Where virtue leads to follow and be bless'd.  
 ' O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd  
 ' To days of future life; or whether now  
 ' The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,  
 ' Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on  
 ' Through this dark scene of error and of ill,  
 ' Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer:  
 ' All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme 131  
 ' Withhold or grant, and let that will be done  
 ' This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,  
 ' The hill's steep side with firm elastic step  
 ' He lightly scal'd; such health the frugal board,

MISCELLANIES.

The morn's fresh breath that exercise *respires*  
 In mountain walks, and conscience free from blame,  
 Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.  
 There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay  
 The man unknown, nor heard approach his host,  
 Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius, mov'd  
 By soft compassion, which the savage scene, 142  
 Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas  
 From human commerce, quicken'd into sense  
 Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began:

‘ O sight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,  
 ‘ Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw  
 ‘ A feeling tear! whom yesterday beheld  
 ‘ By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd  
 ‘ That fancy, trac'd in fairest vision, dreams;  
 ‘ Now lost to all, each hope that softens life, 151  
 ‘ Each bliss that cheers; there on the damp earth  
     spread  
 ‘ Beneath heav'n unknown, behold him now!  
 ‘ And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,  
 ‘ The proud, be taught what now the wretched  
     feel,  
 ‘ The happy have to fear. O man forlorn!  
 ‘ Too plain I read thy heart, thy fondness drawn  
 ‘ To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame  
 ‘ Its tender anguish——’  
 ‘ Hear me, Heav'n,’ exclaim'd . 160  
 The frantic mourner. ‘ Could that anguish rise  
 ‘ To madness and to mortal agony,  
 ‘ I yet would bless my fate; by one kind name.

*Canto II. AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.*

' From what I feel the keener pangs of thought  
' For ever freed. To me the sun is lost;  
' To me the future flight of days and years  
' Is darkness, is despair—But who complains  
' Forgets that he can die. O, sainted Maid!  
' I or such in heav'n thou art, if from thy seat  
' Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies, 170  
' If names on earth most sacred once and dear,  
' A lover and a friend, if yet these names  
' Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray  
' To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown  
' Thy lifeless limbs, that I—O grief supreme!  
' O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd  
' For such a task?—that I those dear remains  
' With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge  
' Beneath the hallow'd vault, and weeping there  
' O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close 180  
' These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!  
    'Such, and so dire,' reply'd the cordial friend  
In Pity's look and language, 'such, alas!  
' Were late my thoughts: whate'er the human  
    heart  
' Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,  
' Have all been mine, and with alternate war  
' This bosom ravag'd. Harken then, good Youth!  
' My story mark, and from another's fate,  
' Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,  
' Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear. 190  
    'In me a man behold whose morn serene,  
' Whose noon of better life, with honor spent,

MISCELLANIES.

- ' In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
- ' Drew fair distinction on my public name
- ' From those among mankind, the nobler few,
- ' Whose praise is fame; but there, in that true  
source
- ' Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
- ' In home-found peace and love, supremely bless'd!
- ' Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
- ' By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd, 200
- ' Our hopes and fears, our earth and heav'n, the  
same!
- ' At last, Amyntor! in my failing age
- ' Fall'n from such height, and with the felon herd,
- ' Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that  
still
- ' Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with  
shame!
- ' Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should  
fear,
- ' The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
- ' Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
- ' To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
- ' And all, O sov'reign Reason! all deriv'd, 210
- ' From pow'r that claims that warrant to do wrong!
- ' A right divine to violate unblam'd
- ' Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
- ' The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!
- ' O Charles! O Monarch! in long exile train'd,
- ' Whose hopeless years th' oppressor's hand to  
know



- ‘ How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev’d,
- ‘ Now hear, thy people, groaning under wrongs
- ‘ Of equal load, abjure thee by those days
- ‘ Of want and woe, of danger and despair, 220
- ‘ As Heav’n has thine, to pity their distress!
- ‘ Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
- ‘ Be far th’ unhallow’d licence of abuse:
- ‘ Be far the bitterness of saintly zeal,
- ‘ That, impious hid behind the patriot’s name,
- ‘ Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
- ‘ In justice founded, circumscrib’d by laws,
- ‘ The prince to guard—but guard the people too;
- ‘ Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,
- ‘ Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss, 230
- ‘ Fair Freedom! birthright of all thinking kinds,
- ‘ Reason’s great charter, from no king deriv’d,
- ‘ By none to be reclaim’d, man’s right divine,
- ‘ Which God who gave indelibly pronounc’d.
- ‘ But if disclaiming this his heav’n-own’d right,
- ‘ This first, best, tenure by which monarchs rule;
- ‘ If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
- ‘ The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject flock,
- ‘ To grind and tear, not shelter and protect, 239
- ‘ Wide wasting where he reigns—to such a prince
- ‘ Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
- ‘ And loyalty revolt from Virtue’s law:
- ‘ And say, Amyntor! does just Heav’n enjoin
- ‘ That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
- ‘ To earthquake or volcano when they rage,

- ‘ Rend earth’s firm frame, and in one boundless  
grave
- ‘ Ingulph their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
- ‘ Yet such, of late, o’er th’s devoted land
- ‘ Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
- ‘ Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
- ‘ Of wintry hill, or waste untravell’d heath, 251
- ‘ Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
- ‘ Proclaim’d it loud to heav’n: the arm of Pow’r
- ‘ Extended fatal but to crush the head
- ‘ It ought to screen, or with a parent’s love
- ‘ Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
- ‘ The tyrant’s law, exterminate who err.
- ‘ In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk;
- ‘ Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
- ‘ Whom nature, whom the social life, renouue’d,
- ‘ Unsummon’d, unimpleaded, was to death, 261
- ‘ To shameful death! adjudg’d; against my head
- ‘ The price of blood proclaim’d, and at my heels
- ‘ Let loose the murd’rous cry of human hounds:
- ‘ And this blind fury of commission’d rage,
- ‘ Of party vengeance, to a fatal foe,
- ‘ Known and abhorr’d for deeds of direst name,
- ‘ Was giv’n in charge; a foe whom blood-stain’d  
zeal
- ‘ For what—O hear it not, all-righteous Heav’n!
- ‘ Lest thy rous’d thunder burst—for what was  
deem’d 270
- ‘ Religion’s cause, had savag’d to a brute

' More deadly fell than hunger ever stung  
 ' To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,  
 ' Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt  
 ' Familiar, and in each dire art of death  
 ' Train'd ruthless up: as tigers on their prey,  
 ' On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts  
 ' Devouring fell; nor that sequester'd shade, 278  
 ' That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long  
 ' In happy league had dwelt, which War itself  
 ' Beheld with rev'rence, could their fury 'scape;  
 ' Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames:  
 ' For flame and rapine their consuming march  
 ' From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.  
 ' So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,  
 ' Embodiy'd locusts from the wing descend  
 ' On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the rip'ning year,  
 ' While, waste behind, destruction on their track  
 ' And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child  
 ' He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heav'n! do I,  
 ' A man, survive to tell it? At the hour 291  
 ' Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears  
 ' Of all who saw and curs'd his coward rage,  
 ' He forc'd, unpitv'ing, from their midnight-bed,  
 ' By menace, or by torture, from their fears  
 ' My last retreat to learn, and still detains  
 ' Beneath his roof accurs'd that best of wives,  
 ' Emilia! and our only pledge of love,  
 ' My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there  
 ' And nature bled—Ah! let not busy thought  
 ' Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast: 301

' Discov'ry there once more my peace of mind  
 ' Might wreck, once more to desperation sink  
 ' My hopes in Heav'n.' He said; but, O sad  
     Muse!

Can all thy moving energy of pow'r  
 To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,  
 With words that weep and strains that agonize;  
 Can all this mournful magic of thy voice   308  
 Tell what Amyntor feels? ' O Heav'n! art thou—  
 ' What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—  
 ' Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!  
 ' And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,  
 ' No more a father—on that fatal flood  
 ' Thy Theodora!—At these words he fell;  
 A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins,  
 And life was on the wing her loath'd abode  
 For ever to forsake. As on his way  
 The traveller, from heav'n by lightning struck,  
 Is fix'd at once immoveable, his eye  
 With terror glaring wild, his stiff'ning limbs   320  
 In sudden marble bound; so stood, so look'd,  
 The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,  
 Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,  
 No tear had force to flow; his senses all,  
 Through all their pow'rs, suspended, and subdu'd  
 To chill amazement. Silence for a space—  
 Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky  
 Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side  
 Fill'd up this interval severe. As late,  
 As from some vision that to phrensy fires   330

The sleeper's brain, Amyntor, waking wild,  
 A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,  
 Drew furious forth—' Me, me,' he cry'd, on me  
 ' Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus  
 ' My horrors end!'—then madly would have  
 plung'd

The weapon's hostile point. His lifted arm  
 Aurelius, though with deep dismay, and dread,  
 And anguish shook, yet his superior soul  
 Collecting, and resuming all himself,  
 Seiz'd sudden; then perusing with strict eye 340  
 And beating heart Amyntor's blooming form,  
 Nor from his air or feature gath'ring aught  
 To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke :

    ' O dire attempt ! whoe'er thou art, yet stay  
 ' Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt,  
 ' If guilt is thine, accumulating add  
 ' A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which  
 ' Heav'n has indulg'd no mercy. Sov'reign Judge !  
 ' Shall man first violate the law divine,  
 ' That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,  
 ' Resign'd, unmurm'ring to await his hour 351  
 ' Of fair dismissal hence ; shall man do this,  
 ' Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,  
 ' Red with the sin and recent from the stain  
 ' Of unrepented blood ? Call home thy sense ;  
 ' Know what thou art, and own his hand most just  
 ' Rewarding or afflicting—But say on :  
 ' My soul yet trembling at thy frantic deed,  
 ' Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import :

' They urge me on, they bid me ask no more—  
 ' What would I ask? my Theodora's fate, 361  
 ' Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,  
 ' Good Heav'n! beyond all grace?—But shall I  
     blame

' His rage of grief, and in myself admit  
 ' Its wild excess. Heav'n gave her to my wish;  
 ' That gift Heav'n has resum'd; righteous in both:  
 ' For both his providence be ever bless'd!

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,  
 Amyntor, slow-recov'ring into thought,  
 Submissive on his knee the good man's hand 370  
 Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips:  
 His eye, where fear, confusion, rev'rence, spoke,  
 Through swelling tears, what language cannot tell,  
 Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the Hermit's glance  
 Shot awful at him, till the various swell  
 Of passion ebbing, thus he falt'ring spoke:

' What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch  
     unknown?

' Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.  
 ' Mistaken man! the honor of thy name, 379  
 ' Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.  
 ' I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,  
 ' That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,  
 ' Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, Heav'n!  
 ' Forgive me, Virtue! if I would renounce  
 ' Whom Nature bids me rev'rence—by her bond  
 ' Rolando's son! by your more sacred tie:  
 ' As to his crimes an alien to his blood;

‘ For crimes like his——’  
“ Rolando’s son! Just Heav’n!  
“ Ha! here? and in my pow’r? a war of thoughts,  
“ All terrible arising, shakes my frame 391  
“ With double conflict. By one stroke to reach  
“ The father’s heart, tho’ seas are spread between,  
“ Were great revenge! — Away! revenge? on  
whom?  
“ Alas! on my own soul, by rage betray’d  
“ Ev’n to the crime my reason most condemns  
“ In him who ruin’d me.” Deep-mov’d he spoke,  
And his own poniard o’er the prostrate youth  
Suspended held; but as the welcome blow, 399  
With arms display’d, Amyntor seem’d to court,  
Behold in sudden confluence gath’ring round  
The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew,  
The man unknown with each relieving aid  
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,  
To succour and to serve. Before them came  
Montano, venerable sage! whose head  
The hand of Time with twenty winters’ snow  
Had show’r’d, and to whose intellectual eye  
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,  
Stands in fair light disclos’d. Him, after pause,  
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care 411  
Amyntor plac’d, to lodge him and secure;  
To save him from himself, as one with grief  
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper’d deep:  
This done, not waiting for reply, alone 415  
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain’d.

## CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift  
 With tripple fork to heav'n, the mounted sun  
 Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream  
 His noon-tide ray; and now, in lowing train,  
 Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale  
 The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,  
 And nodding as they move, their oozy meal  
 The bitter healthful heibage of the shore,  
 Around its rocks to graze\*; for, strange to tell!  
 The hour of ebb, though ever varying found, 10  
 As yon pale planer wheels from day to day  
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,  
 Intelligent of times, by Heav'n's own hand,  
 To all its creatures equal in its care,  
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide  
 To labour and repose a simple race,  
 These native signs to due repast at noon,  
 Frugal and plain, had warm'd the temp'rate isle,  
 All but Aurelius: he, unhappy man!  
 By Nature's voice solicited in vain, 20  
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.

\* The cows often feed on the *algæ marines*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide or ebb from the tide or flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 126.



The child no more ! the mother's fate untold !  
Both in black prospect rising to his eye—  
'Twas anguish there ; 'twas here distracting doubt !  
Yet after long and painful conflict borne,  
Where Nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale  
Inclin'd alternate, summoning each aid  
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm  
Superior rising, in the might of him  
Who strength from weakness, as from darkness  
light, 30

Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd,  
Again he sacrific'd to Heav'n's high will  
Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,  
The sigh soft mem'ry prompts, the tender tear,  
That streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost  
With mournful magic tortures and delights,  
Relieves us while it sweet oppression loads,  
And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As reason thus the mental storm seren'd, 39  
And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray,  
That strengthens, while it cheers, behold from far  
Amyntor slow approaching ! on his front,  
O'er each sunk feature, sorrow had diffus'd  
Attraction sweetly tad : his noble port,  
Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd,  
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow  
With social sorrows. Straight before the door  
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down  
In counterview ; and thus the youth began :  
• With patient ear, with calm attention, mark

- ' Amyntor's story: then, as Justice sees, 51  
 ' On either hand her equal balance weigh,  
 ' Absolve him or condemn—But, oh! may I  
 ' Alfather's name, when truth forbids to praise,  
 ' Unblam'd pronounce? that name to ev'ry son  
 ' By Heav'n made sacred, and by Nature's hand  
 ' With honor, duty, love, her triple pale,  
 ' Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach  
 ' Of each irrev'rent thought.—These eyes, alas!  
 ' The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal 60  
 ' Too near beheld, its madness how extreme,  
 ' How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,  
 ' Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,  
 ' Train'd on to holy mischief: scene abhorr'd!  
 ' Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name;  
 ' Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind  
 ' Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge  
 ' Severest hung, yet daring to appeal  
 ' That Pow'r whose law is meekness, and for deeds  
 ' That outrage heav'n belying Heav'n's command.  
 ' Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,  
 ' Rolando caught; the spread infection, plung'd 71  
 ' Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd  
 ' His course unjust to violence and rage;  
 ' Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine  
 ' Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,  
 ' Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,  
 ' Found rev'rence or distinction: yet, sustain'd  
 ' By conscious worth within, the matchless pair  
 ' Their threat'ning fate, imprisonment, and scorn,

- ‘ And death denounc’d, unshrinking, unsubdu’d  
‘ To murmur or complaint, superior bore, 88  
‘ With patient hope, with fortitude resign’d,  
‘ Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;  
‘ But calmly constant, without effort great,  
‘ What reason dictates, and what Heav’n approves.  
‘ But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds  
‘ Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow’r,  
‘ My further story clothe? O could I steal  
‘ From Harmony her softest-warbled strain 90  
‘ Of melting air, or Zephyr’s vernal voice,  
‘ Or Philomela’s song, when love dissolves  
‘ To liquid blandishment his ev’ning lay,  
‘ All nature smiling round! then might I speak;  
‘ Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell  
‘ How unperceiv’d and secret through his breast,  
‘ As morning rises o’er the midnight shade,  
‘ What first was ow’d humanity to *both*,  
‘ Assisting piety and tender thought,  
‘ Grew swift and silent into love for *one*; 100  
‘ My sole offence—if love can then offend  
‘ When virtue lights and rev’rence guards its flame.  
‘ O Theodora! who thy world of charms,  
‘ That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,  
‘ Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,  
‘ Unmov’d could see? that dignity of ease,  
‘ That grace of air, by happy nature thine!  
‘ For all in thee was native; from within  
‘ Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream 109  
‘ From its unfailing source! and then, too, seen

- In milder lights ; but Sorrow's shading hand
- Touch'd into pow'r more exquisitely soft,
- By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress,
- O sweetness without name ; when Love looks on
- With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
- Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
- Or Fortune leaves unhappy ! passion then
- Refines to virtue ; then a purer train
- Of Heav'n-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
- By self-regard, or thought of due return, 120
- The breast expanding, all its pow'rs exalt
- To emulate what reason best conceives
- Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid
- Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
- When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
- From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe !
- By this plain courtship of the honest heart
- To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
- The gentle maid with unreluctant ear 129
- Would oft' admit ; would oft' endearing crowd
- With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
- In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
- To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour !
- O seen, but not enjoy'd ; just hail'd and lost
- Its flatt'ring brightness ! Thedora's form,
- Event unfour'd ! had caught Rolando's eye :
- And love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
- By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
- Preface not, love his stubborn breast dissolv'd

- ‘ To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks  
back 140
- ‘ Reluctant to proceed ; and filial awe,  
‘ With pious hand, would o’er a parent’s crime  
‘ The veil of silence and oblivious night  
‘ Permitted throw. His impious suit repell’d,  
‘ Aw’d from her eye, and from her lip severe  
‘ Dash’d with indignant scorn each harbour’d  
thought
- ‘ Of soft emotion or of social sense,  
‘ Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul  
‘ That bigot rage imbosoms, fled at once,  
‘ And all the savage reasum’d his breast. 150  
‘ ‘Tis just,’ he cry’d, ‘ who thus invites disdain,  
‘ Deserves repulse ; he who, by slave-like arts,  
‘ Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,  
‘ And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.  
‘ When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,  
‘ Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,  
‘ Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn  
‘ Keen’d and imbitter’d, terrible to both,  
‘ To one prov’d fatal. Silent-wasting grief,  
‘ The mortal worm that on Emilia’s frame 160  
‘ Had prey’d unseen, now deep through all her  
pow’rs
- ‘ Its poison spread, and kill’d their vital growth.  
‘ Sick’ning, she sunk beneath this double weight  
‘ Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed ?  
‘ Anrelus ! O most injur’d of mankind !  
‘ Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add

“Woe new anguish and to grief despair?—  
Grief is no more!——”

“Providence severe!” 169

Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd;  
But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice  
Of froward grief, and to the Will supreme,  
In justice awful, lowly bending his,  
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,  
By all the war of nature though assail'd,  
Escap'd his lips. ‘What! shall we from Heav’n’s  
grace

‘With life receiving happiness, our share  
‘Of ill refuse? and are afflictions aught  
‘But mercies in disguise? th’ alternate cup,  
‘Medicinal though bitter, and prepar’d 180  
‘By Love’s own hand for salutary ends.  
‘But were they ills indeed, can fond Complaint  
‘Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command  
‘This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb  
‘Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again  
‘The hours of yesterday? or from the womb  
‘Of that unsounded deep the bury’d corse  
‘To light and life restore? Bless’d pair! farewell!  
‘Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,  
‘Of human fondness sighing in the breast, 190  
‘And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle Youth!  
‘And let me call thee Son, (for, O! that name  
‘Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne  
‘Of pains for me too sadly have deserv’d)  
‘On with thy tale; ’tis none when Heav’n afflicts

Canto III. AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 1

' To hearken and adore.' The patient man  
 Thus spoke, Amyntor thus his story clos'd:  
 ' As dumb with anguish round the bed of death  
 ' Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd  
 ' Her closing eyes, then fixing in cold gaze, 200  
 ' On Theodora's face—"O save my child!"  
 ' She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept  
 ' Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth  
 ' I saw her shrowded, bade eternal peace  
 ' Her shade receive, and with the truest tears  
 ' Affection ever wept her dust bedew'd.  
 ' What then remain'd for honour or for love?  
 ' What but that scene of violence to fly,  
 ' With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,  
 ' Rolando's fatal roof Late at the hour, 210  
 ' When shade and silence o'er this nether orb  
 ' With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon  
 ' Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere,  
 ' On that dear spot within whose cavern'd womb  
 ' Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils  
 ' Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there  
 ' I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,  
 ' With sacred terror, when the time, the place,  
 ' Pour'd on us, sadly-solenn, I too bent 219  
 ' My trembling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand  
 ' Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!  
 ' By night's pale regent! by yon' glorious train  
 ' Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!  
 ' By Death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust  
 ' That once was man, now mould'ring here below!

' But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb  
 ' Rev'rent we kneel! and by her nobler part,  
 ' Th' unbod'y'd spirit hovering near, perhaps  
 ' As witness to our vows! nor time nor chance,  
 ' Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand, 230  
 ' Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence,  
 ' To where, safe station'd in a secret bay,  
 ' Rough of descent, and brown with pendant pines  
 ' That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.  
 ' We sail'd—But, O my father! can I speak  
 ' What yet remains? yon' ocean, black with storm!  
 ' Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!  
 ' The speechless crew, aghast! and that lost fair!  
 ' Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!  
 ' And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav'n  
 ' For me alone prefer'd, as on my arm 241  
 ' Expiring, sinking, with her fears she hung!  
 ' I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adur'd,  
 ' And won at last with sums of proffer'd gold,  
 ' The boldest mariners this precious charge  
 ' Instant to save, and in the skiff secur'd  
 ' Their oars across the foamy flood to ply  
 ' With unremitting arms. I then prepar'd  
 ' To follow her—I hat moment from the deck  
 ' A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf;  
 ' Nor me alone; its broad and billowing sweep  
 ' Mus. have involv'd her too. Mysterious Heav'n!  
 ' My fatal love on her devoted head 253  
 ' Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due  
 ' To me and mine; or was Amynor sav'd



‘ For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?  
‘ For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper  
sting ?

‘ And years of death to come ?’—Nor further voice  
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply’d;  
With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze  
To heav’n uplifted, motionless and mute 261  
He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair.

The lamp of day, tho’ from mid-noon declin’d,  
Still flaming with full ardour, shot on earth  
Oppressive brightness round, till in soft stream,  
From Ocean’s bosom his light vapours drawn,  
With grateful intervention o’er the sky  
Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad,  
Soft-shadowing vale and plain and dazzling hill.

Aurelius with his guest the western cliff 270  
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,

From whence in double stream a lucid source  
Roll’d sounding forth, and where with dewy wing  
Fresh breezes play’d, sought refuge and repose,  
Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle

Her village capital, where Health and Peace  
Are tutelary gods; her small domain

Of arable and pasture, vein’d with streams

That branching bear refreshful moisture on  
To field and mead; her straw-roof’d temple rude,  
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels, 281

Lay full in view from scene to scene around  
Aurelius gaz’d, and, sighing, thus began:

‘ Not we alone; alas! in ev’ry clime

' The human race are sons of sorrow born ;  
 ' Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,  
 ' Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv'd,  
 ' All have their mournful portion, all must bear  
 ' Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,  
 ' Viscissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye 290  
 ' Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads  
 ' Full to the moon-tide beam its primrose lap,  
 ' From hence due east.' Amyntor look'd, and  
     saw,

Not without wonder at a sight so stange,  
 Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd  
 With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd  
 For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,  
 To turn the mould and break the adhesive clods,  
 Employ'd assiduous ; those, with equal pace,  
 And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white  
 With fruitful Ceres ; while, in train behind,  
 Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on 302  
 O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

' Behold ! Aurelius thus his speech renew'd :  
 ' From that ~~soft~~ sex, too delicately fram'd  
 ' For toils like these, the task of rougher man,  
 ' What yet necessity demands severe.  
 ' Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills  
 ' With orient beams, as many nights along  
 ' Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil  
 ' Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour, 311  
 ' The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now  
 ' For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,

- ‘ Then island-skiff advent’rous on the deep :  
‘ Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung’d  
‘ The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals  
‘ Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,  
‘ As annual on from shore to shore they move  
‘ In wat’ry caravan, then, thus intent, 319  
‘ Dark from the south a gust of furious wind,  
‘ Upspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears  
‘ This little world of brothers and of friends !  
‘ But when, at ev’ning hour, disjointed planks,  
‘ Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,  
‘ To sight, with fatal certainty, reveal’d  
‘ The wreck before surmis’d, one gen’ral groan  
‘ To heav’n ascending, spoke the gen’ral breast  
‘ With sharpest anguish pierc’d. Their ceaseless  
    plaint,  
‘ Thro’ these hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,  
‘ At morn was heard, at midnight, too, were seen,  
‘ Disconsolate on each chill mountain’s height 331  
‘ The mourners spread, exploring land and sea  
‘ With eager gaze—till from yon’ lesser isle,  
‘ Yon’ round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam’d—  
‘ Full north, behold ! above the soaring lark  
‘ Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hang round and white  
‘ With curling mists—at least from yon’ hoar hills,  
‘ Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze  
‘ And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,  
‘ Like meteors waving in a moonless sky, 340  
‘ Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,  
‘ Successive kindled, and from night to night

'Renew'd continuous. Jov, with wild excess,  
 'Took her gay turn to reign, and Nature now  
 'From rapture wept, yet ever and anon  
 'By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought  
 'Flow from yon' rocky prison to release  
 'Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat  
 'Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege  
 'Of hunger must assault: but hope sustains 350  
 'The human heart, and now their faithful wives,  
 'With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,  
 'On yonder field the autumnal year prepare\*.'  
 "Amynor, who the tale distressful heard  
 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,  
 On his severer fate, now pond'ring deep,  
 Wrapt by sad thought, the hill unheeding left,  
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand,  
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,  
 Or sailing level on the polar gale 360  
 That cool with ev'ning rose, a thousand wings,  
 The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,  
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread  
 Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd  
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers  
 All living kinds; he, glorious from amidst  
 A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood  
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast  
 Wav'd one unbounded blush; a scene to strike

\* The author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide *Martin's Description of the Western Isles* Scotland. p. 220.

Both ear and eye with wonder and delight! 370  
But lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd  
Regardless on, through other walks convey'd  
Of lalful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd  
Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er  
With darkest night, meet region for despair!  
Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base  
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,  
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eye and saw,  
At dis ance saw, descending on the shore, 379  
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown  
A double band, who by their gestures strange  
There fix'd with wond'ring; for at once they knelt  
With hands upheld, at once to heav'n, as seen'd,  
One gen'ral hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise;  
Then slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:  
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,  
On either side supported, onward came,  
Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,  
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,  
Or plung'd in grief profound--'Oh! a'l ye Pow'rs!  
Amyntor, startling, cry'd, and shot his soul 391  
In rapid glance before him on her face:  
' Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood  
' Runs chill; my feet are rooted here—and see!  
' To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.  
' The spirits who this ocean waste and wild  
' Sail hover round, or walk these isles unarm'd,  
' Presenting oft' in pictur'd vision strange  
' The dead or absent, have you' shape adorn'd,

So like my love, of unsubstantial air, 400  
 Embod' d, featur'd, it with all her charms—  
 And, lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine  
 With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!  
 He ran, he flew; his clasping arms receiv'd  
 Her sinking weight—'O earth, and air, and sea!  
 'Tis she, 'tis Theodora! Pow'r divine,  
 Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is  
 here,  
 'Omnipotent in mercy!' As he spoke,  
 Adown his cheek, through shiv'ring joy and doubt,  
 The tear fast-falling stream'd 'My love! my life!  
 'Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith! 411  
 'Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,  
 'Fly, and from von' translucent fountain bring  
 'The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul  
 'Than all the sunless wealth this sea entombs,  
 'My Theodora! yet awake: 'tis I,  
 'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!' At that name,  
 That potent name, her spirit from the verge 418  
 Of death recall'd, she, trembling, rais'd her eyes;  
 Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,  
 And murmur'd out his name, then sunk again;  
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom, through excess  
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.  
 The rosebud thus, that to the beam serene  
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,  
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.  
 Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!  
 For now, while on her face these men unknown

the stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,  
his eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze, 430  
Beheld in them—his friends! th' advent'rous few,  
Who bore her to the skill! whose daring skill  
Had sav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek  
Rekindling life, like morn, its life diffus'd  
In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd  
How to yon' isle, yon' round of moss-clad hills,  
Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,  
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,  
(So Heav'n ordain'd) with utmost peril run,  
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock 440  
Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast  
Its prow directed safe—He heard no more;  
The rest alread known, his ev'ry sense,  
his full-collected soul, on her alone  
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,  
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.  
‘ Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!  
‘ My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?  
‘ Am I on earth! and do these arms indeed 449  
Thy real form infold? Thou dreadful deep!  
Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!  
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!  
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart  
Confess their living lord! What shall I say!  
How vent the boundless transport that expands  
My lab'ring thought? th' unutterable bliss,  
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death  
‘ The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support

' This swimming brain! I would not now be torn  
 ' Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart  
 ' A second pang.' At this dilated high 461  
 The swell of joy, most fatal where its force  
 Is felt more exquisite, a timely vent  
 Now found, and broke in tender dew's away  
 Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,  
 With shelt'ring wing, solicitously good,  
 The guardian genius hovers, so the youth,  
 On her lov'd face assiduous and alarm'd,  
 In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul  
 With trembling tenderness of hope and fear 470  
 Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;  
 The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,  
 Attempt'ring, to compose, and gradual fit  
 For further joy her soft impressive frame.

' O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half  
 ' The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentle maid,  
 ' Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,  
 ' For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast  
 ' With that best temp'rance, which from fond ex-  
     cess  
 ' When rapture lifts to dang'rous height its pow'rs,  
 ' Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm  
     thought 481  
 ' On wonder wait—safe refuge in this isle,  
 ' Thy godlike father lives! and, lo!—but curb,  
 ' Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;  
 ' 'Tis he—look vonder—he, whose rev'rend steps  
 ' The mountain's side descend!'—Abrupt from his



Her hand she drew, and, as on wings upborne,  
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,  
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,  
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd 490  
The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.  
' My father!' — "O my child!" at once they  
cry'd:

Nor more: the rest ecstatic silence spoke  
And Nature from her inward seat of sense  
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bless'd scene,  
Where emulous in either bosom strove  
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,  
Around with soft'ning aspect seem'd to smile,  
And Heav'n, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor their's alone this blissful hour; the joy,  
With instant flow, from shore to shore along  
Diffusive ran, and all th' exulting isle 502  
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,  
To hope long lost, by miracle resign'd!  
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept;  
While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,  
Embracing held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,  
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,  
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,  
Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd 511  
Aloud to heav'n, Montano, rev'rend seer!  
(Whose eye prophetic far through Time's abyss  
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of Fate,

Yet immature and in their causes hid,  
 Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood;  
 His frame with shiv'ry horror stirr'd, his eyes  
 From outward vision held, and all the man  
 Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,  
 On fluid air, as in a mirror seen, 520  
 And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

‘ They fly!’ he cry’d, ‘ they melt in air away,  
 ‘ The clouds that long fair Albion’s heav’n o’er-  
 cast !

‘ With tempest deluge, or with flame devour’d,  
 ‘ Her drooping plains; while dawning rosy round  
 ‘ A purer morning lights up all her skies!  
 ‘ He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!  
 ‘ Immortal William! borne triumphant on,  
 ‘ From yonder orient, o’er propitious seas, 529  
 ‘ White with the sails of his unnumber’d fleet,  
 ‘ A floating forest, stretch’d from shore to shore!  
 ‘ See! with spread wing Britannia’s Genius flies  
 ‘ Before his prow, commands the speeding gales  
 ‘ To waft him on, and o’er the hero’s head,  
 ‘ Inwreath’d with olive, bears the laurel crown;  
 ‘ Bless’d emblem, peace with liberty restor’d!  
 ‘ And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,  
 ‘ To welcome in true freedom’s days renew’d  
 ‘ What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius! man 539  
 ‘ By Heav’n belov’d, thou, too, that sacred sun  
 ‘ Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!  
 ‘ I see thee on the flow’ry lap diffus’d

- ' Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
- ' From this bless'd pair to spring; whom equal faith
- ' And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
- ' From youth to rev'rend age, the calmer hours
- ' Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn,
- ' Thro' life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

# TRUTH IN RHYME.

ADDRESSED TO  
A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

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## Advertisement.

THE following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which by every man in his dominions would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this, however unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be easily allowed them, it will, at the same time, be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning, on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these: March 3, 1761.

- \*\*\* In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor King William III. for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the Judges have been made during their good behaviour, but, notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened
- I look upon the independency and uprightness of the Judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects, and as most conducive to the honour of the crown; and I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament, in order that such further provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the Judges in the enjoyment of their offices during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.

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## TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy  
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

*Imprimatur, meo periculo.*

CHESTERFIELD.

---

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,  
Whom all the gods revere and love,

Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,  
On earth to dwell, and govern there,  
Till finding earth by Heav'n unaw'd,  
Till sick of violence and fraud,  
Abandoning the guilty crew,  
Back to her native sky she flew ;  
There, station'd in her Virgin sign,  
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine ;  
Or if at times she deigns a smile,  
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

For there—her eye with wonder fix'd,  
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd  
She now beheld, in blooming youth,  
The patron of all worth and truth ;  
Not where the Virtues most resort,  
On peaceful plains, but in a court !  
Not in a cottage, all unknown ;  
She found him seated on a throne !  
What fables paint, what poets sing,  
She found in fact—a patriot king !

But as a sight so nobly new  
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view,  
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,  
Ascends the palace of St. James,  
Swift through surrounding shades of night  
The goddess shot her beamy flight :  
She stopp'd ; and the revealing ray  
Blaz'd round her favourite where he lay  
In sweet repose ; o'er all his face  
Repose shed softer bloom and grace ;

But fearful lest her sun-bright glare  
 Too soon might wake him into care,  
 (For splendid toils and weary state  
 Are ev'ry monarch's envy'd fate)  
 The stream of circling rays to shroud,  
 She drew an interposing cloud.

In all the silence of surprise  
 She gaz'd him o'er; she saw arise,—  
 For gods can read the human breast,—  
 Her own idea there imprest;  
 And that his plan to bless mankind,  
 The plan now bright'ning in his mind,  
 May story's whitest page adorn,  
 May shine through nations yet unborn,  
 She calls Urania to her aid.

At once the fair ethereal maid,  
 Daughter of Memory and Jove,  
 Descending quits her laurell'd grove;  
 Loose to the gale her azure robe,  
 Borne in her left a starry globe,  
 Where each superior son of fame  
 Will find inscrib'd his deathless name;  
 Her right sustains th' immortal lyre,  
 To praise true merit, or inspire.

‘Behold’—Astrea thus began—  
 ‘The friend of virtue and of man;  
 ‘Calm reason see in early youth!  
 ‘See in a prince the soul of truth!’  
 ‘With love of Justice, tender sense,  
 ‘For suffering worth and innocence,

' Who means to build his happy reign  
 ' On this best maxim, wise and plain—  
 ' Though plain, how seldom understood!  
 ' That to be great he must be good:  
 ' His breast is open to your eye;  
 ' Approach, Urania! mark and try:  
 ' This bosom needs no thought to hide;  
 ' This virtue dares our search abide.  
 ' The sacred fountains to secure  
 ' Of Justice, undisturb'd and pure  
 ' From hope or fears, from fraud or force,  
 ' To ruffle or to stain their course;  
 ' That these may flow serene and free,  
 ' The law must independent be;  
 ' Her ministers, as in my sight,  
 ' And mine alone, dispensing right;  
 ' Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,  
 ' As honor just, as truth sincere,  
 ' With temper firm, with spirit sage,  
 ' The Mansfields of each future age.  
 ' And this prime blessing is to spring  
 ' From youth in purple! from a king!  
 ' Who, true to his imperial trust,  
 ' His greatness sounds in being just;  
 ' Prepares, like yon' ascending sun,  
 ' His glorious race with joy to run,  
 ' And where his gracious eye appears,  
 ' To bless the world he lights and cheers!  
 ' Such worth with equal voice to sing,  
 ' Urania! strike thy boldest string.

' And Truth, whose voice alone is praise,  
 ' That here inspires shall guide the lays,  
 ' Begun! awake his gentle ear  
 ' With sounds that monarchs rarely hear:  
 ' He merits, let him know our love,  
 ' And you record that I approve.'

She ended; and the heav'n-born maid  
 With soft surprize his form survey'd:  
 She saw what chastity of thought  
 Worth his stainless bosom wrought,  
 Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,  
 Alas, pausing, offer'd this reply:

' Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,  
 ' Such truths should to the world impart:  
 ' My task is but a simple verse  
 ' These promis'd wonders to rehearse;  
 ' And when on these our verse we raise,  
 ' The plainest is the noblest praise.

' Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains;  
 ' Would such a prince permit my strains?  
 ' Deserving, but still shunning fame,  
 ' The homage due he might disclaim.  
 ' A prince who rules to save mankind,  
 ' His praise would in their virtue find;  
 ' Would deem their strict regard to laws,  
 ' Their faith and worth, his best applause:  
 ' Then, Britons! your just tribute bring  
 ' In deeds to emulate your king:  
 ' In virtues, to redeem your age  
 ' From ~~wild~~ views and party rage:



' On his example safely rest ;  
' He calls, he courts you to be blest ;  
' As friends, as brethren, to unite  
' In one firm league of just and right.  
    ' My part is last ; if Britain yet  
' A lover boasts of truth and wit,  
' To him these grateful lays to send,  
' The Monarch's and the Muse's friend,  
' And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,  
' My voice may give to latest time.'

She said ; and after thinking o'er  
The men in place near half a score,  
To strike at once all scandal mute,  
The goddess found and fix'd on Bute.

THE REWARD:  
OR  
*APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS*  
TO  
CHARLES STANHOPE.

WRITTEN IN 1775.

---

APOLLO, from the southern sky,  
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye:  
Just such a glance our courtiers throw  
At suitors whom they shun to know:  
Or have you mark'd th' averted men,  
The chest erect, the freezing look,  
Of Bumbo when a bard is seen  
Charg'd with his Dedication-book?

But gods are never in the wrong:  
What then displeas'd the pow'r of Song?

The case was this: Where noble arts  
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,  
He now can find for men of parts,  
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;  
Since drums, and dice, and dissipation,  
Have chas'd all taste from all the nation:  
For is there now one table spread  
Where Sense and Science may be fed?

Where, with a smile on ev'ry face,  
Invited Merit takes his place?  
These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,  
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)  
And left him on the point to shroud  
His head in one eternal cloud;  
When, lo! his all-discerning eye  
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,  
Just crept abroad, as is his way,  
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.

This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud  
To ev'ry interposing cloud,  
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,  
That he might warm his good old friend;  
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,  
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song:

‘ With talents, such as God has given  
‘ To common mortals, six in seven,  
‘ Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,  
‘ And govern whom they should obey;  
‘ With no more frailties than are found  
‘ In thousand others, count them round;  
‘ With much good will, instead of parts,  
‘ Express'd for artists and for arts;  
‘ Who smiles if you have smartly spoke,  
‘ Or nods applause to his own joke;  
‘ This bearded child, this gray-hair'd boy,  
‘ Still plays with life as with a toy;  
‘ Still keeps amusement full in view:  
‘ Wine? Now and then—but oft'ner new;

‘ His coach, this hour, at Watson’s door,  
‘ The next in waiting on a whore.  
‘ Whene’er the welcome tiding ran  
‘ Of monster strange, or stranger man,  
‘ A Selkirk from this desert isle  
‘ Or alligator from the Nile,  
‘ He saw the monster in its shrine,  
‘ And had the man next day to dine:  
‘ Or was it an Hermaphrodite?  
‘ You found him in a two-fold hurry,  
‘ Neglecting for this he-she sight  
‘ The single charms of Fanny Murray.  
‘ Gath’ring from suburb and from city  
‘ Who were, who would be, wise or witty;  
‘ The full wigg’d sons of pills and potions,  
‘ The bags of maggots and new motions;  
‘ The sage, of microscopic eye,  
‘ Who reads him lectures on a fly;  
‘ Grave antiquaries with their flama,  
‘ And poets squirting epigrams;  
‘ With some few lords—of those that think,  
‘ And dip, at times, their pen in ink;  
‘ Nay, ladies too, of diverse fame,  
‘ Who are and are not of the game:  
‘ For he has look’d the world around,  
‘ And pleasure in each quarter found:  
‘ Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,  
‘ He sinks from life by soft decay,  
‘ And sees at hand, without affright,  
‘ Th’ inevitable hour of night.’

But here some pillar of the state,  
 Whose life is one long dull debate ;  
 Some pedant of the sable gown,  
 Who spares no feelings but his own,  
 Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow ;  
 Is this a subject for Apollo?  
 What! can the god of Wit and Verse  
 Such trifles in our ears rehearse?

‘ Know, Puppies! this man’s easy life,  
 ‘ Serene from cares, unvex’d with strife,  
 ‘ Was oft’ employ’d in doing good,  
 ‘ A science you ne’er understood ;  
 ‘ And Charity, ye sons of Pride !  
 ‘ A multitude of faults will hide.  
 ‘ I at his board more sense have found  
 ‘ Than at a hundred dinners round :  
 ‘ Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye  
 ‘ Could often there collected spy ;  
 ‘ And I have gone well pleas’d to bed,  
 ‘ Revolving what was sung or said.  
 ‘ And he who entertain’d them all  
 ‘ With much good liquor strong and small,  
 ‘ With food in plenty, and a welcome,  
 ‘ Which wou’d become my Lord of Melcombe\*,  
 ‘ Whose soups and sauces duly season’d,  
 ‘ Whose wit well-tim’d, and sense well reason’d,

\* This poem was certainly written in 1757, but the reader has only to remember that Apollo is the god of Prophecy, as well as of Poetry. *Mallet.*

- ‘ Give Burgundy a brighter stain,
- ‘ And add new flavour to Champaign—
- ‘ Shall this man to the grave descend
- ‘ Unknown, unhonor’d, as my friend ?
- ‘ No: by my deity I swear,
- ‘ Nor shall the vow be lost in air :
- ‘ While you, and millions such as you,
- ‘ Are sunk for ever from my view,
- ‘ And lost in kindred darkness lie,
- ‘ This good old man shall never die :
- ‘ No matter where I place his name,
- ‘ His love of learning shall be fame.’

## THE DISCOVERY:

*Upon reading some Verses \*written by a Young Lady  
at a Boarding-school, September 1760.*

---

APOLLO lately sent to know  
If he had any sons below,  
For by the trash he long has seen  
In male and female Magazine,  
A hundred quires not worth a groat,  
The race must be extinct he thought.

His messenger to court repairs,  
Walks softly with the crowd up stairs;  
But when he had his errand told,  
The courtiers sneer'd, both young and old:  
Augustus knit his royal brow,  
And bad him let Apollo know it,  
That, from his infancy till now,  
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.

His next adventure was the Park,  
When it grew fashionably dark:  
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,  
Talk'd much of commerce; whist and stakes;  
Who tips the wink, who drops the card,  
But not one word of verse or bard.

The stage, Apollo's old domain,  
Where his true sons were wont to reign,  
His courier now pass'd frowning by;  
Ye modern Durseys tell us why?

Slow to the City last he went ;  
 There all was prose of *cent. per cent.*  
 There ally-*omnium*, *script*, and *bonus*,  
 (Latin for which a Muse would stone us,  
 Yet honest Gideon's classic style)  
 Made our poor nuncio stare and smile.

And now the clock had struck eleven,  
 The messenger must back to heav'n ;  
 But just as he his wings had ty'd,  
 Look'd up Queen-square, the north-east side,  
 A blooming creature there he found,  
 With pen and ink, and books around,  
 Alone, and writing by a taper ;  
 He read unseen, then stole her paper.  
 It much amus'd him on his way,  
 And reaching heav'n by break of day,  
 He shew'd Apollo what he stole ;  
 The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole ;  
 Then calling for his pocket-book,  
 Some right celestial vellum took,  
 And what he with a sun-beam there  
 Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair :  
 ' If I no men my sons must call,  
 ' Here's one fair daughter worth them all :  
 ' Mark then the sacred words that follow,  
 ' Sophia's mine'—so sign'd APOLLO.



# TYBURN.

40

## THE MARINE SOCIETY.

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### Advertisement.

THE design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment; but, to take off from the flatness of a direct compliment, I have, through the whole poem, loaded their institution with such reproaches as will shew, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts it appears that, from the first rise of this Society to the present year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out, for the sea service, 5452 grown men, 4311 boys, in all 9963 persons, whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community; at a time, too, when their country stood most in need of their a

IT has been, all example shew it,  
The privilege of ev'ry poet,  
From ancient down through modern times,  
To bid dead matter live in Rhyme;  
With wit enliven senseless rocks,  
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;  
Make buzzards senators of note,  
And rooks harangue that geese may vote.

These moral fictions, first design'd  
To mend and mortify mankind, 10  
Old Æsop, as our children know,  
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.

His Fly upon the chariot wheel  
 Could all a statesman's merit feel,  
 And, to his own importance just,  
 Exclaim, with Bufo, 'What a dust !'  
 His Horse-dung, when the flood ran high,  
 In Colon's air and accent cry,  
 While tumbling down the turbid stream,  
 ' Lord love us, how we apples swim !' 20

But farther instances to cite  
 Would tire the hearer's patience quite.  
 No: what their numbers and their worth,  
 How these admire while those hold forth,  
 From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,  
 Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell,  
 Where England, thro' the world renown'd,  
 In all its wisdom may be found ;  
 While I, for ornament and use,  
 An orator of wood produce. 30

Why should the gentle reader stare ?  
 A wooden orator so rare ?  
 Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,  
 That bears them in the pleader bawl,  
 That bears them in the patriot thunder,  
 Can tell if such things are a wonder :  
 So can Saint Dunstan's in the west,  
 When good Romaine harangues his best,  
 And tells his staring congregation  
 That sober sense is sure damnation ; 40  
 That Newton's guilt was worse than treason  
 For using what God gave him, reason.

' A pox of all this prefacing !'  
 Smart Balbus cries, ' come name the thing ;  
 ' That such there are we all agree :  
 ' What is this wood ?' Why—Tyburn-tree.  
 Hear then this rev'rend oak harangue,  
 Who makes men do so ere they hang.

*Patibulum loquitur.*

' Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,  
 ' Of right complains to be reliev'd: 50  
 ' When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat  
 ' That few folks could afford to eat,  
 ' (Just as when doctors' fees run high  
 ' Few patients can afford to die)  
 ' The poor durst into murmurs break,  
 ' For losers must have leave to speak ;  
 ' Then from reproaching fell to mauling  
 ' Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.  
 ' As these again, their knaves and setters,  
 ' Durst vent complaints against their betters, 60  
 ' Whose only crime was in defeating  
 ' Their schemes of growing rich by cheating ;  
 ' So shall not I my wrongs relate,  
 ' An injur'd minister of state ?  
 ' The finisher of care and pain  
 ' May sure with better grace complain,  
 ' For reasons no less strong and true,  
 ' Marine Society ! of you ;  
 ' Of you, as ev'ry carman knows.  
 ' My latest and most fatal foes. 70

- ' My property you baselv steal,  
 ' Which ev'n a British Oak can feel ;  
 ' Feel and resent ; what wonder then  
 ' It should be felt by British men,  
 ' When France, insulting, durst invade  
 ' Their clearest property of trade ?  
 ' For which both nations at the bar  
 ' Of that supreme tribunal War,  
 ' To shew their reasons have agreed,  
 ' And lawyers by ten thousand fee'd, 80  
 ' Who now for legal quirks and puns  
 ' Plead with the rhet'ric of great guns,  
 ' And each his client's cause maintains  
 ' By knocking out th' opponent's brains,  
 ' While Europe all—But we adjourn  
 ' This wise digression, and return.  
 ' Your rules and statutes have undone me ;  
 ' My surest cards begin to shun me :  
 ' My native subjects dare rebel,  
 ' Those who were born for me and hell ; 90  
 ' And but for you the scoundrel line  
 ' Had ev'ry mother's son dy'd mine :  
 ' A race unnumber'd as unknown,  
 ' Whom tomb or suburb calls her own ;  
 ' Of vagrant love the various spawn,  
 ' From rags and filth, from lace and lawn ;  
 ' Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, and benches,  
 ' Where peer and porter meet their wench ;  
 ' For neither health nor shame can warn us  
 ' From mixing with the midnight Venus. 100

- Nor let my cits be here forgot ;
- They know to sin as well as sot.
- When Night demure walks forth, array'd
- In her thin negligée of shade,
- Late-risen from their long regale
- Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
- Abroad the Common-council sally,
- To poach for game in lane or alley ;
- This gets a son, whose first essay
- Will filch his father's till away ; 110
- A daughter that, who may retire,
- Some few years hence, with her own sire ;
- And while his hand is on her placket
- The filial virtue picks his pocket.
- Change-alley, too, is grown so nice,
- A broker dares refine on vice ;
- With lord-like scorn of marriage vows,
- In her own arms he cuckolds spouse ;
- For young and fresh while he would wish her,
- His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher ;
- Or after noble quarry running, 121
- Profanely paints her out a Gunning.
- Now these, of each degree and sort,
- At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
- Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
- To laugh at hell, and Heav'n defy ;
- These, Tyburn's regimental train,
- Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
- From age to age, by right divine,
- Hereditary rogues, were mine ; 130

- ' And reach, by discipline severe,  
 ' Impregnable beyond all shame and fear,  
 ' From guilt to guilt advancing daily,  
 ' My constant friend, the good Old Bailey,  
 ' To me made over, late or soon,  
 ' I think, at latest, once a moon;  
 ' But by your interloping care  
 ' Not one in ten shall be my share.  
 ' Ere 'tis too late your error see,  
 ' You foes to Britain and to me! 140  
 ' To me, agreed—but to the nation!—  
 ' I prove it thus by demonstration.  
 ' First, that there is much good in ill  
 ' My great apostle Mandeville  
 ' Has made most clear. Read, if you please,  
 ' His moral fable of The Bees.  
 ' Our rev'rend clergy next will own,  
 ' Were all men good their trade were gone;  
 ' That were it not for useful vice  
 ' Their learn'd pains would bear no price; 150  
 ' Nay, we should quickly bid defiance  
 ' To their demonstrated alliance.  
 ' Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,  
 ' Of individuals, Jack and Joe:  
 ' Now these, our sov'reign lords the rabble,  
 ' For ever prone to growl and squabble,  
 ' The monstrous many-headed beast,  
 ' Whom we must not offend, but feast,  
 ' Like Cerberus, should have their sop;  
 ' And what is that but trussing up? 160

- ' How happy were their hearts and gay
- ' At each return of hanging-day !
- ' To see Page \* swinging they admire,
- ' Beyond ev'n Madox \* on his wire !
- ' No baiting of a bull or bear,
- ' To Perry \* dangling in the air !
- ' And then the being drunk a week
- ' For joy some Sheppard \* would not squeak !
- ' But now that those good times are o'er,
- ' How will they mutiny and roar ! 170
- ' Your scheme absurd of sober rules
- ' Will sink the race of men to mules ;
- ' For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
- ' For ever for the public toiling :
- ' Hard masters ! who, just when they need 'em,
- ' With a few thistles deign to feed 'em.
- ' Yet more—for it is seldom known
- ' That fault or folly stands alone—
- ' You next debauch their infant-mind
- ' With fumes of honourable wind, 180
- ' Which much beget, in heads untry'd,
- ' That worst of human vices, pride.
- ' All who my humble paths forsake
- ' Will reckon each to be a Blake !
- ' There on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
- ' Already struts the future Bembow !
- ' By you bred up to take delight in
- ' No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.

\* As these are all persons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unnecessary. *Mallet.*

- ' These sturdy sons of blood and blows,  
 ' By pulling Monsieur by the nose, 190  
 ' By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,  
 ' Will put all Europe in a passion.  
 ' The grand alliance, now quadruple,  
 ' Will pay us home, *jusqu' au centuple*;  
 ' So the French king was heard to cry—  
 ' And can a king of Frenchmen lie?  
 ' These and more mischiefs I foresee  
 ' From fondling brats of base degree.  
 ' As mushrooms that on dunghills rise,  
 ' The kindred-weeds beneath despise, 200  
 ' So these their fellows will contemn,  
 ' Who in revenge will rage at them;  
 ' For through each rank what more offends  
 ' Than to behold the rise of friends?  
 ' Still when our equals grow too great  
 ' We may applaud, but we must hate;  
 ' Then will it be endur'd when John  
 ' Has put my hempen ribbon on,  
 ' To see his ancient mess-mate Cloud,  
 ' By you made turbulent and proud, 210  
 ' And early taught my tree to bilk,  
 ' Pass in another all of silk?  
 ' Yet, one more mournful thought to put:  
 ' A hundred mouths at once you shut!  
 ' Half Grub-street, silenc'd in an hour,  
 ' Must curse your interposing pow'r.  
 ' If my lost sons no longer steal,  
 ' What sons of her's can earn a meal?



- ' You ruin many a gentle bard,
- ' Who liv'd by heroes that die hard! 220
- ' Their brother-hawkers too, that sung,
- ' How great from world to world they swung,
- ' And by sad sonnets, quaver'd loud.
- ' Drew tears and halfpence from the crowd!
- ' Blind Fielding too—a mischief on him!
- ' I wish my sons would meet and stone him!
- ' Sends his black squadrons up\* and down, -
- ' Who drive my best boys back to Town.
- ' They find that trav'ling now abroad,
- ' To ease rich rascals on the road, 230
- ' Is grown a calling much unsafe,
- ' That there are surer ways by half,
- ' To which they have their equal claim
- ' Of earning daily food and fame;
- ' So down at home they sit and think
- ' How best to rob with pen and ink.
- ' Hence red-hot letters and essays
- ' By the John Lilburn of these days,
- ' Who guards his want of shame and sense
- ' With shield of sevenfold impudence; 240
- ' Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
- ' With much abuse and little wit;
- ' Hence libels against Hardwicke penn'd,
- ' That only hurt when they commend;
- ' Hence oft' ascrib'd to Fox, at least
- ' All that defames his namesake beast;
- ' Hence Clarendon hourly views
- ' Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,

- ' That sink where myriads went before,  
 ' And sleep within the chaos hoar, 250  
 ' While her brown daughters, under ground,  
 ' Are fed with politics profound;  
 ' Each eager hand a fragment snaps,  
 ' More excrement than what it wraps.  
     ' These, singly, contributions raise,  
 ' Of casual pudding and of praise:  
 ' Others again, who form a gang,  
 ' Yet take due measures not to hang,  
 ' In Magazines their forces join,  
 ' By legal methods to purloin; 260  
 ' Whose weekly or whose monthly feat is  
 ' First to decry, then steal your treatise:  
 ' So rogues in France perform their job,  
 ' Assassinating ere they rob.  
     ' But, this long narrative to close;  
 ' They who would grievances expose,  
 ' In all good policy no less  
 ' Should shew the methods to redress.  
 ' If commerce, sinking in one scale,  
 ' By fraud or hazard comes to fall, 270  
 ' The task is next, all statesmen know it,  
 ' To find another where to throw it,  
 ' That, rising there in due degree,  
 ' The public may no longer lie.  
 ' Thus having heard how you evade,  
 ' And in one way destroy my trade,  
 ' That we at last may part good friends,  
 ' Hear how you will my trade amend.

' O search this sinful Town with care,  
 ' What numbers duly mine are there!  
 ' The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,  
 ' Jews, Christians, rogues alike, and robbers!  
 ' Who riot on the poor man's toils,  
 ' And fatten by a nation's spoils!  
 ' The crowd of little knaves in place,  
 ' Our age's envy and disgrace.  
 ' Secret and snug, by daily stealth  
 ' The busy vermine pick up wealth,  
 ' Then without birth control the great,  
 ' Then without talents rule the state!

290

' Some ladies too,—for some there are  
 ' With shame and decency at war,—  
 ' Who, on a ground of pale threescore,  
 ' Still spread the rose of twenty-four,  
 ' And bid a sun-brown bosom glow  
 ' With purer whiteness than lilies know;  
 ' Who into vice                rush,  
 ' Put modest whoring to the blush,  
 ' And with most front engage a trooper  
 ' Than Jenny Jones or Lucy Cooper.

330

' Send me each mischief-making nibbler,  
 ' 'Tis equal, assassin or scribbler,  
 ' Who on the self-same spot all ground,  
 ' The self-same pavement staring round,  
 ' Abjure and join with praise and blame,  
 ' Both men and women still the same;  
 ' Or serve our feet with all their might,  
 ' By proving Hellens does not bite.

MALLEY.

- ' Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile, elves,  
 ' They paint the nation from themselves;      310  
 ' Less aiming to be wise than witty,  
 ' And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.  
     ' Send me each string—save green and blue—  
 ' These, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.  
 ' But, Lollius, be not in the spleen;  
 ' 'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—  
 ' Not those of old renown'd in fable,  
 ' Nor of the Round, but gaming table,  
 ' Who ev'ry night, the waiters say,  
 ' Break ev'ry law they make by day;      320  
 ' Plunge deep our youth in all the vice  
 ' Attendant upon drink and dice,  
 ' And, mixing in nocturnal battles,  
 ' Devour each other's goods and chattles;  
 ' While from the mouth of magic box,  
 ' With curses dire and dreadful knocks,  
 ' They fling whole penements away,  
 ' Fling time, health, fame,—yet call it Play!  
 ' Till, by advice of special friends,  
 ' The titled dupe a sharper ends;      330  
 ' Or if some drop of noble blood  
     Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,  
 ' The wretch, begg'd and alone,  
 ' Leaps headlong to the woe's unknown!      334

ZEPHYR:  
OR,  
THE STRATAGEM.

---

Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,  
Una dola Divum si foemina victa duorum est.

---

VIRG

*The Argument.*

A certain young lady was surprised, on horseback, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the south-west, which made her dismount somewhat precipitately.

THE god in whose gay train appear  
Those gales that wake the purple year,  
Who lights up health, and bloom, and grace,  
In Nature's and in Mira's face;  
To speak more plain, the Western wind  
Had seen this brightest of her kind;  
Had seen her oft with fresh surprise,  
And ever with dawning eyes,  
Much by her shape, her look, her air,  
Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair,  
More by the speaking soul that flames  
Through all her charms, and all refinements,  
Born to command, yet turn'd to please,  
Her form is lovely with ease:  
Then—such a hand and such an eye  
As Age or Impotence might want!

Just such a leg too, Zephyr knows,  
The Medicæan Venus shows.

So far he sees, so far admires;  
Each charm is fuel to his fires:  
But other charms, and those of price,  
That form the bounds of Paradise,  
Can those an equal praise command,—  
All turn'd by Nature's finest hand?  
Is all the consecrated ground  
With plumpness firm, with smoothness round?

The world, but once, one Zeuxis saw,  
A faultless form who dared to draw,  
And then, that all might perfect be,  
All rounded off in due degree,  
To furnish out the matchless piece  
Were rifled half the coasts of Greece;  
'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh,  
'Twas Waldegrave's sweetly-brilliant eye;  
'Twas gentle Pembroke's ease and grace,  
And Harvey lent her maiden-face:  
But dares he hope on British ground  
That these may all in one be found?  
These chiefly that still shun his eye?  
He knows not, but he means to try.

Aurora rising, fresh and gay,  
Gave promise of a golden day.  
Up with her sister Mira rose,  
Four hours before our London beads;  
For these are still asleep and dead,  
Save Arthur's sons—not yet in bed,

A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,  
 Had caught the passing fair-one's view ;  
 To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,  
 And try'd behind to heave her hoop ;  
 Then, while across the daisy'd lawn  
 She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,  
 Due eastward as her steps she bore,  
 Would swell her petticoat before,  
 Would subtly steal his face between,  
 To see—what never yet was seen.  
 ' And sure to fan it with his wing  
 ' No nine-month symptom e'er can bring ;  
 ' His aim is but the nymph to please,  
 ' Who daily courts his cooling breeze.'

But listen, fond believing Maid !  
 When Love, soft traitor ! would persuade,  
 With all the moving skill and grace  
 Of practis'd passion in his face,  
 Dread his approach, distrust your pow'r—  
 For, oh ! there is one shepherd's hour ;  
 And though he long, his aim to cover,  
 May with the friend disguise the lover,  
 The sense or nonsense of his wooing  
 Will but adore you into ruin.

But for those butterflies the beaux,  
 Who buzz around in tinsel rows,  
 Shake, shake them off with quick disdain ;  
 Where insects settle they will stain.

Thus Zephyr oft the nymph assail'd,  
 As oft his little arts had fail'd ;

The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,  
Resisted still his feeble gale.  
With these repulses vex'd at heart,  
Poor Zephyr has recourse to art ;  
And, his own weakness to supply,  
Calls in a brother of the sky,  
The rude South-west, whose mildest play  
Is war, mere war, the Russian way ;  
A tempest-maker by his trade,  
Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their aerial league,  
How first to harass and fatigue,  
Then, found on some remoter plain,  
'To ply her close with wind and rain :  
These terms, writ fair, and seal'd, and sign'd,  
Should Webb or Stukely wish to find,  
Wise antiquaries, who explore  
All that has ever pass'd—and more ;  
Though here too tedious to be told,  
Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,  
Those floating registers in air ;  
So let them mount, and lead them there.

The grand alliance thus agreed,  
To instant action they proceed ;  
For 'tis in war a maxim known,  
As Prussia's monarch well has shown,  
To break at once upon your foe,  
And strike the ~~most~~ preventive blow.  
With Toro's lungs in Toro's form,  
Whom very Howd'ye is a storm,



The dread South-west his part begun :  
 Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,  
 At his command from pole to pole  
 Dark spreading, o'er the fair-one roll,  
 Who pressing now her fav'rite steed,  
 Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O Mira ! to the future blind,  
 Th' insidious foe is close behind :  
 Guard, guard your treasure, while you can,  
 Unless this god should be the man.  
 For, lo ! the clouds, at his known call,  
 Are closing round—they burst ! they fall !  
 While at the charmer, all aghast,  
 He pours whole winters in a blast ;  
 Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,  
 If natives founder on the flood,  
 If Britain's coast be left as bare  
 As he resolves to leave the fair.  
 Here gods resemble human breed,  
 The world he damn'd—so they succeed.

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,  
 With silk, lawn, linen, round her head,  
 And, to the fawns who fed above,  
 Unveil'd the last recess of Love :  
 Each wond'ring fawn was seen to bound †,  
 Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,

\* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Hawke was blown into Torbay. *Mallet.*

† *Immaculæ herbarum quos est mirata juvencæ.*

*Virg.*

At sight of that sequester'd glade,  
In all its light, in all its shade,  
Which rises there for wisest ends:  
To deck the temple it defends.

Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,  
For what a thousand heroes strove,  
When Europe, Asia, both in arms,  
Disputed one fair lady's charms.  
The war pretended Helen's eyes\*,  
But this, believe it, was the prize:  
This rous'd Achilles' mortal ire,  
This strung his Homer's epic lyre,  
Gave to the world La Mancha's Knight;  
And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet though the distant conscious Muse  
This airy rape delighted view,  
Yet she, for honour guides her lays,  
Enjoying it, disdains to praise.  
If Frenchmen always fight with odds,  
Are they a pattern for the gods?  
Can Russia, can th' Hungarian Vampire †  
With whom cast in the Swedes and Empire;  
Can four such pow'rs, who can assail,  
Deserve our praise should they prevail?  
O mighty triumph! high renown!  
Two gods have brought one mortal down;

\* *Et fuit ante Helenam, &c. Hor.*

† A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood, of whom there are many stories told in Hungary. *Mallet.*

Have clubb'd their forces in a storm  
 To strip one helpless female form!  
 Strip her stark naked, yet confess  
 Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress.

But, all-insensible to blame,  
 The sky-born ravishers on flame  
 Enchanted at the prospect stood,  
 And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.  
 Sleek S \* \* r too had done no less,  
 Would parsons here the truth confess:  
 Nay, one brisk peer, yet all-alive,  
 Would do the same at eighty-five\*.

But how, in colours softly-bright,  
 Where strength and harmony unite,  
 To paint the limbs, that fairer show  
 Than Massalina's borrow'd snow;  
 To paint the rose, that through its shade,  
 With their's, one human eye survey'd;  
 Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,  
 Would he the genuine draught avow,  
 The Muse, a second Titian then,  
 To Fame might consecrate her pen.

That Titian Nature gave of old  
 The queen of Beauty to behold,  
 Like Mira upadorn'd by dress,  
 But all complete in nakedness;

\* We believe there is a mistake in this reading, for the person best informed and most concerned assures us, that it should be only seventy-five. *Mallet.*

Then bade his emulating art  
Those wonders to the world impart :  
Around the ready Graces stand,  
' With each a pencil in her hand \* ;'  
Each height'ning stroke, each happy line,  
Awakes to life the form divine,  
Till rais'd and rounded ev'ry charm,  
And all with youth immortal warm,  
He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,  
He sees a brighter Venus rise !  
But, to the gentle Reader's cost,  
His pencil with his life was lost ;  
And Missa must contented be  
To live by Ramsay and by me.

\* This line is supplied to perfect the sense and rhyme. It is omitted in the edition by the booksellers of 1779.

## WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

---

'TWAS at the silent solemn hour  
When night and morning meet,  
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April morn  
Clad in a wintry cloud,  
And clay-cold was her lily hand  
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear  
When youth and years are flown ;  
Such is the robe the kings must wear  
When Death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r  
That sips the silver dew ;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just op'ning to the view.

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime ;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,  
She died before her time.

## VI.

- Awake! she cry'd, 'thy true love calls,
- Come from her midnight grave;
- Now let thy pity hear the maid
- Thy love refus'd to save.

## VII.

- This is the dumb and dreary hour
- When injur'd ghosts complain;
- When yawning graves give up their dead
- To haunt the faithless swain.

## VIII.

- Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
- Thy pledge and broken oath,
- And give me back my maiden vow,
- And give me back my troth.

## IX.

- Why did you promise love to me,
- And not that promise keep?
- Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
- Yet leave those eyes to weep?

## X.

- How could you say my face was fair,
- And yet that face forsake?
- How could you win my virgin heart,
- Yet leave that heart to break?

## XI.

- Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
- And made the scarlet pale?
- And why did I, young witless maid!
- Believe the flatt'ring tale?

## XII.

- That face, alas! no more is fair,
- Those lips no longer red :
- Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
- And ev'ry charm is fled.

## XIII.

- The hungry worm my sister is ;
- This winding sheet I wear ;
- And cold and weary lasts our night,
- Till that last morn appear.

## XIV.

- But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
- A long and late adieu !
- Come see, false Man! how low she lies
- Who died for love of you.'

## XV.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd  
With beams of rosy red ;  
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,  
And raving left his bed.

## XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place  
Where Marg'ret's body lay.  
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf  
That wrapt her breathless clay.

## XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore ;

Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spoke never more \*!

\* In a comedy of Fletcher, called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Old Merrythought enters repeating the following verses.

When it was grown to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Marg'ret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote, and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy, and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave rise to the foregoing poem, which was written many years ago. *Mallet.*

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the works of Vincent Bourne.



## EDWIN AND EMMA\*.

---

Mark it, Cæsar! it is true and plain,  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free minds that wave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dabbles with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age ..... *Shaksp Twelfth Night.*

---

### I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,  
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,  
An humble cottage stood:

\* *Extract of a Letter from the Curate of Bows, in Yorkshire, on the Subject of this Poem. To Mr. Copperthwaite, at Yarrick.*

'Worthy Sir,

'As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows: The family name of the young man was *Wrightson*, of the young maiden *Renton*. They were both much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity; but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably, but as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year; when it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter, Hannah, stood at the

# MISCELLANIES.

## II.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair  
Beneath a mother's eye ;  
Whose only wish on earth was now  
To see her bless'd and die.

## III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads  
Gave colour to her cheek ;  
Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n  
When vernal mornings break.

## IV.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn  
This charmer of the plains ;  
That sun who bids their diamonds blaze,  
To paint our lily deigns.

" maiden, and treated her with notable contempt ; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, that " blood was nothing without groats " The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tuesday, and died the Sunday se'ennight after. On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress : she was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late ; but her daughter, Hannah, lay at his back to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts. At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed out aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some minutes after. The then curate of Bowes\* inserted it in his church that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.

\* I am, Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

\* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract named by the neighbouring people Stanemore which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. *Canad. Brit.*

## V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair;  
And though by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair;

## VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains!  
A soul devoid of art;  
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

## VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,  
Was quickly too reveal'd;  
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish  
That Virtue keeps conceal'd.

## VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss  
Did love on both bestow!  
But bliss too mighty long to last  
Where Fortune proves a foe.

## IX.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,  
Like her in mischief joy'd,  
To work them harm, with wicked skill  
Each darker art employ'd.

## X.

The father too, a sordid man!  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all-unfeeling as the clod  
From whence his riches grew.

## XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame;  
 And seen it long unmov'd;  
 Then with a father's frown at last  
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

## XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war  
 Of diff'ring passions strove;  
 His heart, that durst not disobey,  
 Yet could not cease to love.

## XIII.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind  
 The spreading hawthorn crept,  
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

## XIV.

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wintry waste,  
 Beneath the moonlight shade,  
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
 The midnight mourner stray'd.

## XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
 A deadly pale o'ercast;  
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
 Before the northern blast.

## XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
 Hung o'er his dying bed,  
 And weary'd Heav'n with fruitless vows,  
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

## XVII.

'Tis past!' he cry'd—'but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold,  
'What they must ever love.'

## XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
And bath'd with many a tear:  
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,  
So morning-dews appear.

## XIX.

But, oh! his sister's jealous care,  
A cruel sister she!  
Forbade what Emma came to say,  
'My Edwin! live for me.'

## XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's fun'ral song.

## XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night  
Her startling fancy found  
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,  
His groan in ev'ry sound.

## XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd  
The visionary vale—  
When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,  
Sad sounding in the gale.

## XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,  
Her aged mother's door—  
'He's gone!' she cry'd, 'and I shall see  
'That angel face no more!

## XXIV.

'I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
'Beat high against my side—'  
From her white arm down sunk her head;  
She shiv'ring sigh'd, and died.

# VERSES

## PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

*On his Visiting Oxford, in the Year 1794.*

---

**R**ECEIVE, lov'd Prince! the tribute of our praise,  
This hasty welcome in unfinish'd lays:  
At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,  
Display the genius, but not speak the heart;  
And oft as ornament must truth supply,  
Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.  
These need not here; for to a soul like thine,  
Truth plain and simple will more lovely shine.  
The truly good but wish the verse sincere;  
They court no flatt'ry, who no censure fear.

Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,  
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind.  
Crowds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,  
Forgot the prince, to praise the love of man.  
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with  
ease!

Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please:  
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,  
And charm in gracious princes yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,  
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.

Here candor dwells, here honest truths are taught,  
 To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.  
 See these enlighten'd sages who preside  
 O'er Learning's empire; see the youth they guide!  
 Behold all faces are in transport drest!  
 But those most wonder, who discern thee best.  
 At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives  
 A joy the sight of princes rarely gives;  
 From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd  
 By Fate the future Nero's of their kind:  
 But tho' thy blood, we know, transmitted springs  
 From laurell'd heroes and from warrior kings,  
 Through that high series, we delighted trace  
 The friends of liberty and human race!

Oh! born to glad and animate our Isle!  
 For thee our heav'n's look pleas'd, our seasons  
     smile;  
 For thee, late object of our tender fears,  
 When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,  
 All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,  
 Attended by soft suns and vernal air,  
 Sought those fam'd springs\*, where, each afflictive  
     hour,  
 Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her pow'r:  
 She came; and, while to thee the current flows,  
 Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose.  
 Hence, to thy cheek, that instant bloom deriv'd!  
 Hence, with thy health, the weeping world reviv'd!



Proceed to emulate thy race divine ;  
 A life of action and of praise be thine !  
 Assert the titles, genuine, to thy blood,  
 By nature daring, but by reason good.  
 So great, so glorious, thy forefathers shone,  
 No son of theirs must hope to live unknown :  
 Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight,  
 Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.  
 If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,  
 Think what the world may claim, and thou must  
 do :

The honors that already grace thy name  
 I have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.  
 Ev'n she, bright Anna ! whom thy worth has won,  
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun :  
 Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair  
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.  
 O ! be your nuptials crown'd, with glad increase  
 Of sons in war renown'd, and great in peace ;  
 Of daughters fair and faithful, to supply  
 The patriot race, till Nature's self shall die !

# VERSES

occasioned

BY DR. FRAZER'S

*Rebuilding Part of the University of Aberdeen.*

---

IN times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,  
And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;  
Ere mitred Pride, which arts alone had rais'd,—  
Those very arts in others saw, unprais'd;  
Friend to mankind\*, a prelate good and great,  
The Muses courted to this safe retreat;  
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,  
With learned Leisure and with Peace to dwell.  
The fabric finish'd,—to the sov'reign's fame †,  
His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim:  
Here, by successive worthies, well was taught  
Whate'er enlightens or exalts the thought:  
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,  
The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair;  
Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,  
And Science long enjoy'd her Age of Gold.

Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,  
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.  
O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,  
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:

\* Bishop Elphinstone.

† Calling it King's College, in compliment to James IV.

Silent and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,  
 He mines each wall, he moulders ev'ry pile !  
 Ruin hangs hov'ring o'er the fated place,  
 And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.

Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,  
 Beheld the total desolation near;  
 Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly,  
 And fix'd on heav'n his sorrow-streaming eye !

From heav'n, in that dark hour, commission'd  
 came

Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name :  
 Sweet Pity flew before her, softly bright,  
 At whose felt influence Nature smil'd with light.

' Hear, and rejoice !'—the gracious pow'r be-  
 gun—

' Already fir'd by me, thy fav'rite son  
 ' This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes,  
 ' And from its fall bids fairer fabrics rise.  
 ' Ev'n now, behold ! where crumbling fragments  
 gray,

' In dust deep-bury'd, lost to mem'ry, lay ;  
 ' The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,  
 ' The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend !  
 ' Nor ends the bounty thus: by him bestow'd,  
 ' Here Science shall her richest stores unload :  
 ' Whate'er long-bid Philosophy has found,  
 ' Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd ;  
 ' Or History describ'd, far looking sage !  
 ' In the dark doubtfulness of distant age ;

- ‘ These, thy best wealth, with curious choic  
    combin’d,  
‘ Now treasur’d here, shall form the studious mind  
‘ To wits unborn the wanted succours give,  
‘ And fire the Bard whom Genius means to live.  
    ‘ But teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace ;  
‘ Let low self-love and pedant discord cease :  
‘ Their object truth, utility their aim,  
‘ One social spirit reign, in all the same :  
‘ Thus aided, arts shall with fresh vigor shoot,  
‘ Their cultur’d blossoms ripen into fruit,  
‘ Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,  
‘ And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay.’

## VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO,

A BEGGAR.

---

O MERCY ! Heav'n's first attribute,  
Whose care embraces man and brute,  
Behold me, where I shiv'ring stand ;  
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand  
To Want and Age, Disease and Pain,  
That all in one sad object reign.  
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,  
Existence is to me a curse ;  
Yet how to close this weary eye ?  
By my own hand I dare not die ;  
And Death, the friend of human woes,  
Who brings the last and sound repose,  
Death does at dreadful distance keep,  
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep !

---

## A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy Soul ! look out—now comes thy  
turn ;  
With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.

Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,  
That spreads slow-shadowing o'er the vanquish'd  
light.

Look out with joy; the ruler of the day,  
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimm'ring ray:  
Already exil'd to the utmost sky,  
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.  
Lo! from the limits of the wintry pole,  
Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll;  
In dismal pomp, now hov'ring on their way,  
To a sick twilight they reduce the day.  
And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,  
And roar their haughty triumph thro' the skies;  
While the driv'n clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods  
of rain

And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain.  
Now see sad earth—like thine her alter'd state,  
Like thee she mourns her sad reverse of fate!  
Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now?  
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!

No more th' ungrateful verdure of the plain,  
No more the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain;  
These scenes of bliss no more upbraid my fate,  
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate;  
The leaf-clad forest and the tufted grove,  
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,  
Stripp'd of their honors, naked now appear;  
This is—my Soul! the winter of their year:  
The little noisy songsters of the wing,  
All shiv'ring on the bough, forget to sing.

Hail, rev'rend Silence ! with thy awful brow,  
 Be Music's voice for ever mute—as now ;  
 Let no intrusive joy my dead repose  
 Disturb:—no pleasure disconcert my woes.  
 In this moss-cover'd cavern hopeless laid,  
 On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,  
 And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, unpitying see  
 All nature in an agony with me !  
 Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd tow'rs,  
 Bare trees, brown brakes, black heaths, and rushy  
     moors,  
 Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—  
 (Now I can smile!)—in wild disorder rise :  
 And now, the various dreadful comb'n'd,  
 Black Melancholy comes to doze my mind.  
     See ! Night's wish'd shades rise spreading thro'  
     the air,  
 And the lone hollow gloom for me prepare !  
 Hail ! solitary ruler of the grave !  
 Parent of terrors ! from thy dreary cave !  
 Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,  
 And spread a welcome horror wide around.—  
 But hark !—a sudden howl invades my ear,  
 The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near ;  
 Shadows from each dark cavern now combine,  
 And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.  
     Stop, flying Time ! repose thy restless wing ;  
 Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring :  
 Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be—  
 Let never wanton season laugh at me.

## A FRAGMENT.

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\* \* \* \* \*

**F**AIR Morn ascends ; soft Zephyr's wing  
O'er hill and vale renews the spring ;  
Where, sown profusely, herb and flow'r,  
Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,  
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,  
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.  
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,  
Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns ;  
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,  
A mountain fades into the sky ;  
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,  
A river rolls with sounding sweep.  
Of human art no traces near,  
I seem alone with Nature here !

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health !  
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,  
The seas'ning of all good below !  
The sov'reign friend in joy or woe !  
O thou ! most courted, most despis'd,  
And but in absence duly priz'd !  
Pow'r of the soft and rosy face,  
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,  
The spirits when they gayest shine,  
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine !



☉ sun of life ! whose heav'nly ray  
Lights up and cheers our various day,  
The turbulence of hope and fears,  
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,  
Till Nature, with thy parting light,  
Reposes late in Death's calm night:  
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,  
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;  
Fled from the couch where in sweet sleep,  
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,  
But tosses through the midnight shade,  
Of death, of life, alike afraid !  
For ever fled to shady cell,  
Where Temp'rance, where the Muses dwell;  
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,  
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;  
Or on the brow of mountain high,  
In silence feasting ear and eye  
With song and prospect, which abound  
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray,  
Flames forth intolerable day;  
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,  
With Thirst and Languor in his train,  
All Nature sick'ning in the blaze,  
Thou, in the wild and woody maze  
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,  
Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,  
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,  
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,  
Imagination lays him down,  
Attentive, in his airy mood,  
'To ev'ry murmur of the wood :  
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook ;  
The chidings of the headlong brook ;  
The green leaf shiv'ring in the gale ;  
The warbling hill ; the lowing vale ;  
The distant woodman's echoing stroke ;  
The thunder of the falling oak :  
From thought to thought in vision led,  
He holds high converse with the dead ;  
Sages or poets. See ! they rise,  
And shadowing skim before his eyes.  
Hark ! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,  
'That soften'd savages to men :  
Lo, Socrates ! the sent of Heav'n,  
'To whom its moral will was giv'n :  
Fathers and friends of human-kind,  
'They form'd the nations, or refin'd ;  
With all that mends the head and heart.  
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,  
At once the sounding breeze was laid,  
And Nature, by the unknown law,  
Shook deep with reverential awe.  
Dumb silence grew upon the hour,  
A browner night involv'd the bow'r ;  
When, issuing from the inmost wood,  
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.

O Freedom! Sov'reign boon of Heav'n,  
 Great charter with our being giv'n,  
 For which the patriot and the sage  
 Have plann'd, have bled, through ev'ry age!  
 High privilege of human race,  
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace,  
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,  
 What but from God immediate came!

\* \* \* \* \*



## A FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

Ye midnight Shades! o'er Nature spread!  
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour!  
 In honor of th' approaching dead  
 Around your awful terrors pour.  
 Yes, pour around  
 On this pale ground,  
 Through all the deep, surrounding gloom,  
 The sober thought,  
 The tear untaught,  
 Those meekest mourners at a tomb.

II.

Lo! as the surplic'd train draw near  
 To this last mansion of mankind,  
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,  
 In holy murmurings wrap the mind!

And while their beam,  
 With trembling stream,  
 Attending tapers faintly dart ;  
 Each mould'ring bone,  
 Each sculptur'd stone,  
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart !

## III.

Now let the sacred organ blow  
 With solemn pause, and sounding slow ;  
 Now let the voice due measure keep,  
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep ;  
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,  
 Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.

## IV.

To lift it in the Maker's praise,  
 Who first inform'd our frame with breath ;  
 And after some few stormy days,  
 Now, gracious gives us o'er to death.  
 No King of Fears,  
 In him appears  
 Who shuts the scene of human woes :  
 Beneath His shade  
 Securely laid,  
 The dead alone find true repose.

## V.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,  
 To One, supremely good and wise  
 Raise hallelujahs ! God is just,  
 And man most happy, when he dies !

His Winter past,  
 Fair Spring at last  
 Receives him on her flowery shore ;  
 Where Pleasure's rose  
 Immortal blows,  
 And sin and sorrow are no more !



### ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hov'ring round the fair at sixty-four,  
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;  
 A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,  
 Awake to buzz, but not alive to sing ;  
 Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,  
 The teasing ghost of the departed man.



### ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford  
 A witty neighbour his good word.  
 Tho' scandal was his joy, he would not swear  
 An oath had made the ladies stare.  
 At them he duly dress'd, but without passion :  
 His only mistress was the fashion.

His verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;  
 His prose with sense correctly quaint.  
 Trifles he lov'd; he tasted arts:  
 At once a fribble and a man of parts.



ON THE DEATH  
 OF  
 LADY ANSON.

*Addressed to her Father, 1761.*

O! CROWN'D with honor, bless'd with length  
 of days,  
 Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;  
 Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,  
 And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—  
 Tho' still the fairest from Heav'n's bounty flow,  
 For good and great no monarch can bestow;  
 Yet thus of health, of fame, of friends, possess'd,  
 No fortune, Hardwicke! is sincerely bless'd:  
 All human kind are sons of sorrow born;  
 The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.  
~~Fortune~~ <sup>Fate</sup>, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,  
 Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign?  
 Ah! how: when Love, when Reason, hand in hand  
 O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand;  
 The firmest heart dissolves to soften here,  
 And Picty applauds the falling tear.

Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,  
 Adorn the living while they grace the dead;  
 From tender thought their source unblam'd they  
 draw,

By Heav'n approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd child the Roman could not  
 save,

Immortal Tully<sup>1</sup> from an early grave\*,  
 No common forms his home-felt passion kept,  
 The sage, the patriot, in the parent wept:  
 And, O! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,  
 The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.  
 She whom the Muses, whom the Loves, deplore,  
 Ev'n she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more;  
 In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,  
 Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O season mark'd by mourning and despair!  
 Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair!  
 For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,  
 Thy tainted wings came pregnant with disease;  
 Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,  
 That scatter'd fever, agony, and death.  
 What fun'rals have thy cruel ravage spread!  
 What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

Here let Reflection fix her sober view;  
 O think who suffer and who sigh, with you.

\* Tulla died about the age of two-and-thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety, and for having added to the usual graces of her sex, the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. *Mallet.*

See, rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,  
Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms!  
In climes far distant see that husband mourn,  
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!  
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,  
In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall!  
See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend!  
And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,  
Thy Pelham turn on heav'n his streaming eye;  
Again in her he sees a brother die!

And he who, long unshaken and serene,  
Had death in each dire form of terror seen,  
Thro' worlds unknown, o'er unknown oceans tost,  
By love subdu'd, now weeps a consort lost;  
Now, sunk to fondness, all the man appears,  
His front dejected, and his soul in tears.

Yet more; nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,  
Who fondly tries to sooth a father's pain—  
Let thy calm eye survey the suff'ring ball,  
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!  
What Spring had promis'd, and what Autumn  
yields,

The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!  
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,  
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!  
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!  
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too, and reason will confirm the thought;  
Thy cares for her are to their period brought.



Yes, she, fair pattern to a failing age !  
 With wit chaste'd, with sprightly temper sage ;  
 Whom each endearing name could recommend,  
 Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,  
 Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,  
 The prize of virtue has for ever gain'd !  
 From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore  
 Where sin, and pain, and error, are no more ;  
 She now no change, nor you no fear can feel ;  
 Death to her fame has fix'd th' eternal seal.



### IMPROMPTU,

*On a Lady who had pass'd a me Time in Playing with a  
 very Young Child.*

WHY on this least of little Misses  
 Did Celia waste so many kisses ?  
 Quoth Love, who stood behind, and smil'd,  
 She kiss'd the father in the child.



### INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause ;  
 With no one awkwardness that laughter draws ;  
 Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say ;  
 A clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day ;

His larum goes in one smooth simple strain;  
 He stops, and then we wind him up again :  
 Still hov'ring round the fair at fifty-four,  
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;  
 A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,  
 Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting ;  
 Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,  
 The teasing ghost of the departed man.

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EPIGRAM,

*On seeing two Persons pass by in very different Equipages*

IN modern as in ancient days,  
 See what the Muses have to brag on ;  
 The player in his own post-chaise,  
 The poet in a carrier's waggon !

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EPIGRAM,

written at

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, 1760.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,  
 Success still follow'd where he shone.  
 And are those triumphs, with the dead,  
 All from his house, for ever, fled ?

Not so; but softer, surer arms,  
 They yet survive in Beauty's charms;  
 For look on blooming Pembroke's face,  
 Ev'n now he triumphs in his race.



## EPIGRAM,

*On a certain Lord's Passion for a Singer*

NERINA's angel-voice delights;  
 Nerina's devil face affrights;  
 How whimsical her Strephon's fate,  
 Condemn'd at once to like and hate!  
 But be she cruel, be she kind,  
 Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.



## A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

*Applied to the same Person.*

DEAR Thomas! didst thou never pop  
 Thy head into a tinman's shop?  
 There, Thomas! didst thou never see—  
 'Tis but by way of Simile—  
 A squirrel spend its little rage  
 In jumping round a rolling cage?  
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,  
 The foolish creature thinks it climbs;

But here or there, turn wood or wire,  
It never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with this little peer,  
So busy and so bustling here;  
For ever flirting up and down,  
And frisking round his cage, the Town.  
A world of nothing in his chat,  
Of who sad this, and who did that?  
With Similies that never hit,  
Vivacity that has no wit;  
Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken;  
Advice oft ask'd, but never taken;  
Still whirl'd, by ev'ry rising whim,  
From that to this, from her to him;  
And when he hath his circle run,  
He ends—just where he first begun.



## EPITAPH,

ON

MR. AIKMAN AND HIS ONLY SON,

*Who were both interred in the same Grave.*

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,  
Here sleep in peace the father and the son;  
By Virtue, as by Nature, close ally'd,  
The painter's genius, but without the pride;

Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,  
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.

The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date ;  
But, oh ! how more severe, the parent's fate !  
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,  
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd !



## EPITAPH

on

A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud structures  
    grace,  
Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place ;  
Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,  
Lamented Maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb.  
O 'scaped from life ! O safe on that calm shore  
Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more !  
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,  
Regard and Pity wait sincere on thee :  
Lo ! soft Remembrance drops a pitying tear,  
And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

## EPISTLES.

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### TO MIRA.

*From the Country.*

AT this late hour the world liés hush'd below,  
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow:  
Now walks mute Midnight darkling o'er the  
plain,  
Rest, and soft-footed Silence, in his train,  
To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.  
These all-asleep, me all-awake, they find;  
Nor rest nor silence charm the lover's mind.  
Already I a thousand torments prove,  
The thousand torments of divided love:  
The rolling thought impatient in the breast,  
The flutt'ring wish on wing, that will not rest;  
Desire, whose kindled flames, undying glow;  
Knowledge of distant bliss and present woe;  
Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,  
Children of absence and of loving well.  
These pale the cheek and cloud the cheerless eye,  
Swell the swift-tear, and heave the frequent sigh;  
These reach the heart, and bid the health decline;  
And these, O Mira! these are truly mine.

She whose sweet smile would gladden all the  
grove,  
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love;

She, gentle Pow'r! victorious softness!—She,  
 Mira, is far from hence, from love and me;  
 Yet, in my ev'ry thought, her form I find,  
 Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!

Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease,  
 The native wit, that was not taught to please,  
 Whatever softly animates the face,  
 The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,  
 The unstudy'd smile, the blush that nature warms,  
 And all the graceful negligence of charms!  
 Ha! while I gaze, a thousand ardours rise,  
 And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes.  
 Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!  
 Receive my soul within those folding arms;  
 On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—  
 Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast;  
 And see! where Love himself is waiting near:  
 Here let me ever dwell—for heav'n is here!



# TO MR. THOMSON,

on his publishing

*the second Edition of his Poem called*

“WINTER.”

CHARM'D and instructed by thy pow'rful song,  
 I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long;

This debt of gratitude at length receive,  
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new-lights the poet's darken'd name,  
And shews it blazing in the brightest fame,  
Thro' all thy various Winter, full are found  
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,  
Clear depth of sense, expression's height'ning  
grace,

And goodness, eminent in pow'r and place.  
For this the wise, the knowing few commend  
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend :  
Ev'n age and truth severe, in reading thee,  
That Heav'n inspires the Muse, convinc'd, agree.

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,  
Friendless—supported by itself alone :  
For those whose aided will could lift thee high  
In Fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.  
Nor place nor pow'r bestows the sight refin'd,  
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How could'st thou think of such, and write so  
well?

Or hope reward by daring to excel ?  
Unskilful of the age, untaught to gain  
Those favours which the fawning base obtain,  
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,  
Falschood and flattery must be first thy own.  
If thy lov'd country lingers on thy breast,  
Thou must drive out th' unprofitable guest ;  
Extinguish each bright aim that kindles there,  
And centre in thyself thy ev'ry care.



But hence that vileness — pleas'd to charm  
mankind,  
Cast each low thought of int'rest far behind :  
Neglected into noble scorn—away  
From that worn path where vulgar poets stray ;  
Inglorious herd ! profuse of venal lays,  
And, by the pride, despis'd, they stoop to praise :  
Thou careless of the statesman's smile or frown,  
Tread that strait way that leads to fair renown.  
By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,  
And, by reluctant Envy, slow admir'd,  
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind  
Embrace the gen'ral welfare of thy kind ;  
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,  
What Heav'n approves, and what the Muse has  
taught.  
Where thy pow'r fails, unable to go on,  
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone :  
So shall thy name thro' ages bright'ning shine,  
And distant praise, from worth unborn, be thine ;  
So shalt thou, happy, merit Heav'n's regard,  
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

## SONGS.



### SONG.

To a Scotch Tune —“ *The Birks of Endermay* ”

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring  
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,  
And while they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay.  
Let us, Amanda ! timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies,  
And, in soft raptures, waste the day  
Among the shades of Endermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear ;  
At this, thy living bloom must fade,  
As that will trip the verdant shade :  
Our task of pleasure then is o'er ;  
The feather'd songsters love no more ;  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the shades of Endermay !

## SONG.

To a Scotch Tune.—“*Mary Scot.*”

I.

WHERE Thames, along the daisy' meads,  
His wave in lucid mazes leads,  
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,  
Wealth on either shore bestowing,  
There in a safe though, small retreat,  
Content and Love have fix'd their seat;  
Love, that counts his duty pleasure,  
Content, that knows and hugs his treasure.

II.

From art, from jealousy, secure,  
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure,  
Vain opinion nobly scorning,  
Virtue aiding, life adorning;  
Fair Thames, along thy flow'ry side,  
May those whom truth and reason guide,  
All their tender hours improving,  
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

## AN ODE,

IN

“THE MASK OF ALFRED ”

*Sung by a Shepherdess who has lost her Lover in the Wars.*

A YOUTH, adorn'd with ev'ry art  
To warm and win the coldest heart,  
In secret mine possess'd:  
The morning bud that fairest blows,  
The vernal oak that straightest grows,  
His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,  
Soft as the sighings of the gale  
That wakes the flow'ry year.  
What wonder he could charm with ease,  
Whom happy Nature taught to please,  
Whom Honour made sincere !

At morn he left me—fought—and fell !  
The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,  
And saw the tears I shed;  
Tears that must ever, ever fall,  
For, ah ! no sighs the past recall,  
Nor cries awake the dead !

# PROLOGUES,

&c.



## PROLOGUE

to

"THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS."

*Spoken by Lord Sandwich.*

**W**HEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,  
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle,  
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,  
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;  
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,  
And all our talk in politics or play,  
The statesman oft would sooth his toils with wit,  
What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakespeare writ;  
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,  
There woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre.

As fair examples, like ascending Morn,  
The world at once enlighten and adorn,  
From them diffus'd the gentle arts of peace  
Shot bright'ning o'er the land with swift increase,  
Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease,  
Sense grew polite, and Science sought to please.

Reliev'd from yon' rude scene of party-din,  
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,

And safe embow'r'd in Woburn's \* airy groves,  
Let us recall the times our taste approves,  
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse,  
Through ev'ry bosom tender thought infuse,  
Melt angry faction into moral sense,  
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling  
reign,

Green on the mountain, flow'ry on the plain;  
While genial Nature breathes from hill to dale  
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale,  
The various softness stealing through the heart,  
Impressions sweetly social will impart.  
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe  
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!  
When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,  
Holds up himself a mirror for mankind,  
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,  
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn;  
And conscious Nature is in all the same,  
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

\* *The Siege of Damascus* was acted at Woburn by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May, 1743.

## PROLOGUE

to

MR. THOMSON'S "AGAMEMNON."

**W**HEN this decisive night at length appears,  
The night of ev'ry author's hopes and fears,  
What shifts to bribe applause poor poets try !  
In all the forms of wit they court and lie :  
These meanly beg it as an alms ; and those  
By boastful bluster dazzle and impose.

Nor poorly fearful nor securely vain,  
Ours would by honest ways that grace obtain ;  
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd,  
And then—let candour fairly too decide.  
He courts no friend who blindly comes to praise ;  
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.

Indulge a gen'rous pride, that bids him own  
He aims to please by noble means alone ;  
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,  
Inspiring nature, and directing art ;  
By scenes so wrought as may applause command  
More from the judging head and thund'ring hand :

Important is the moral we would teach—  
Oh ! may this island practice what we preach—  
Vice in its first approach with care to shun ;  
The wretch who once engages is undone.  
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,  
What first was accident at last is fate :

Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave,  
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.

‘ As such our fair attempt, we hope to see  
‘ Our judges—here at least—from influence free :  
‘ One place—unbiass'd vet by party rage—  
‘ Where only honour votes—the British stage.  
‘ We ask for justice, for indulgence sue ;  
‘ Our last best licence must proceed from you.’



## PROLOGUE

to

“THE MASK OF BRITANNIA.”

*Spoken by Mr. Garrick\*, 1755, in the Character of a Sailor,  
fuddled, and talking to himself.*



*He enters singing,*

“ How pleasant a sailor's life passes !——”

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,  
A sailor, half-seas o'er—is a pretty fellow.  
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

*[To the Pitt.*

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

*[He staggers forward, then stops.*

\* Some of the lines, too, were written by him.



But softly tho' ; the vessel seems to heel :  
 Steady, my boy—she must not shew her keel.  
 And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer ?  
 Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer ?  
 Or stay on shore, and toy with Sal and Sue—  
 Dost love 'em, Boy ?—By this right hand I do.  
 A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting ;  
 There's nothing better, faith--save flip and fighting :  
 For shall we, sons of beef and freedom, stoop,  
 Or lower our flag to slavery and soup ?  
 What! shall these *Parlyvous* make such a racket,  
 And we not lend a hand to lace their jacket ?  
 Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt !  
 Whene'er he shuffles we should always cut.  
 I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—  
 Have I not promis'd Sal to see the show ?

[*Pulls out a play-bill.*

From this same paper we shall understand  
 What work's to-night—I read your printed hand !  
 But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—  
 I'll take one sugar-plum—and then I'll read it.

[*Takes some tobacco.*

[*He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.*

*At the Theatre-Royal — Drury-Lane — will be  
 presentated a tragedy called—*

SARAH.

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sal may see  
 Her namesake's tragedy ; and as for me,  
 I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.





'Twere fit to humour them; for, right or wrong,  
 True Britons never like the same thing long.  
 To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue—  
 To-morrow is foul—they sneak aside, and hang.  
 Is there a war—Peace! peace! is all their cry:  
 Their peace is made—then, blood! they'll fight  
 and die.

Gallants! in talking thus I meant no treason;  
 I would have brought, you see, the man to reason;  
 But with some folks, 'tis labour lost to strive;  
 A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive.  
 He humn'd and ha'd, then, waking from his dream,  
 Cry'd, I must preach to you his moral scheme.  
 A scheme, forsooth! to benefit the nation!  
 Some queer odd whim of pious propagation\*!  
 I ord' talk so here—the man must be a widgeon—  
 Drive my propagate—but not Religion.

Yet, after all, to give the devil his due,  
 Our Author's scheme, tho' strange, is wholly new.  
 Well, shall the novelty then recommend it?  
 If not from us, from caprice befriend it.  
 For drums and routs make him a-while your pas-

sion,

A little while let virtue be the fashion;  
 And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,  
 Ev'n let him live nine days, like other wonders.

\* The profits arising from this play were intended to be given by the Author to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

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## CONTENTS.

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	Page
THE Life of the Author - - - - -	5
Dedication to the Rt. Hon. William Lord Mansfield - - - - -	14
----- to the Duke of Marlborough - - -	16

### MISCELLANIES.

Of verbal Criticism. Addressed to Mr. Pope	19
Cupid and Hymen: or, The Wedding-day -	28
The Excursion. In Two Cantos.	
Canto 1. - - - - -	36
Canto 11. - - - - -	57
Preface to Amyntor and Theodora - - - - -	70
Amyntor and Theodora: or, The Hermit. In three Cantos. Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.	
Canto 1. - - - - -	76
Canto 11. - - - - -	91
Canto 111. - - - - -	106
Truth in Rhyme. Addressed to a certain noble Lord - - - - -	126
The Reward: or, Apollo's Acknowledgments to Charles Stanhope - - - - -	132

	Page
The Discovery: upon reading some verses written by a young Lady at a Boarding- school - - - - -	137
Tyburn. Addressed to the Marine Society -	139
Zephyr: or, The Stratagem - - - - -	151
William and Margaret - - - - -	159
Edwin and Emma - - - - -	163
Verses presented to the Prince of Orange, on his visiting Oxford in 1734 - - - - -	169
Verses occasioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the University of Aberdeen - -	172
Verses written for, and given in print to, a Beggar - - - - -	175
A Winter's Day. Written in a state of me- lancholy - - - - -	ib.
A Fragment - - - - -	178
A Funeral Hymn - - - - -	181
On an amorous old Man - - - - -	183
On I. H. Esq - - - - -	ib.
On the Death of Lady Anson - - - - -	184
Impromptu, on a Lady who had passed some time in playing with a very young Child	187
Inscription for a Picture - - - - -	ib.
Epigram, on seeing two persons pass by in very different equipages - - - - -	188
Epigram, written at Toulbridge Wells, 1760	ib.
Epigram, on a certain Lord's passion for a Singer - - - - -	189
A Simile in Prior, applied to the same per- son - - - - -	ib.



# CONTENTS.

209

Epitaph on Mr. Aikman and his only son, who were both interred in the same grave	190
Epitaph on a young Lady - - - - -	191

## EPISTLES.

To Mira. From the Country - - - - -	192
To Mr. Thomson, on his publishing the Se- cond Edition of his Poem called Win- ter - - - - -	193

## SONGS.

Song. Tune, Birks of Invermay - - - - -	196
Song. Tune, Mary Scot - - - - -	197
An Ode in the Mask of Alfred - - - - -	198

## PROLOGUES, &c.

Prologue to the Siege of Damascus - - - - -	199
Prologue to Mr. Thomson's Agamemnon - -	201
Prologue to The Mask of Britannia - - - -	202
Epilogue to The Brothers. A Tragedy by Dr. Young - - - - -	204

THE END.





THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN



GRAY

He gave us the Land of the Living  
The world the Boy of the Cove.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
THOMAS GRAY.

WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

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---

Weave the fun'ral web of GRAY.  
'Tis done, 'tis done—  
He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless corse.—  
O'er his green grave, in contemplation's gales,  
Oh! let the pilgrim drop a silent tear,  
Oh! let the shepherd's tender accents rise,  
Mix with the sweets of each revolving year,  
Till prostrate Time adore his deathless name  
Fixed on the solid base of adamantine fame.

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J. T. to New. of GRAY.

2 IN ONE VOLUME.

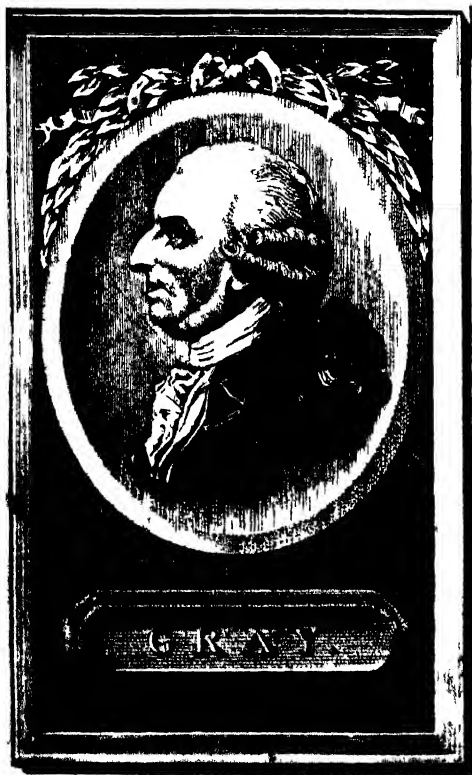
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SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.







*Engraved by Thomas from an original drawing in the possession of Mr. J. B. B. & Co. London*



THE LIFE  
OF  
THOMAS GRAY.

BY  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

---

THOMAS GRAY, the son of Mr. Philip Gray, a scrivener of London, was born in Cornhill, November 26, 1716. His grammatical education he received at Eton under the care of Mr. Ambrose, his mother's brother, then assistant to Dr. George; and when he left school, in 1734, entered a pensioner at Peterhouse in Cambridge.

The transition from the school to the college, to most young scholars, the time from which they date their years of manhood, liberty, and happiness; but Gray seems to have been very little delighted with academical gratifications; he disliked at Cambridge neither the mode of life nor the fashion of study, and lived sullenly on to the time when his attendance on lectures was no longer required. As he intended to profess the Common Law, he took no degree.

When he had been at Cambridge about five years, Mr. Horace Walpole, whose friendship he had gained at Eton, invited him to travel with him as his companion. They wandered through France into Italy; and Gray's Letters contain a very pleasing account of many parts of their journey. But unequal friendships are easily dissolved: at Florence they quarrelled, and parted; and Mr. Walpole is now content to have it told that it was by his fault. If we look, however, without prejudice on the world, we shall find that men, whose consciousness of their own merit sets them above the compliances of servility, are apt enough in their association with superiours to watch their own dignity with troublesome and punctilious jealousy, and in the servour of independance to exact that attention which they refuse to pay. Part they did, whatever was the quarrel, and the rest of their travels was doubtless more unpleasant to them both. Gray continued his journey in a manner suitable to his own little fortune, with only an occasional servant.

He returned to England in September 1711, and in about two months afterwards buried his father; who had, by an injudicious waste of money upon a new house, so much lessened his fortune, that Gray thought himself too poor to study the law. He therefore retired to Cambridge, where he soon after became bachelor of Civil Law; and there, without liking the place or its inhabitants,

or professing to like them, he passed, except a short residence in London, the rest of his life.

About this time he was deprived of Mr. West, the son of a chancellor of Ireland, a friend on whom he appears to have set a high value, and who deserved his esteem by the powers which he shews in his Letters, and in the "Ode to May," which Mr. Mason has preserved, as well as by the sincerity with which, when Gray sent him part of "Agrippina," a tragedy that he had just begun, he gave an opinion which probably intercepted the progress of the work, and which the judgment of every reader will confirm. It was certainly no loss to the English stage that "Agrippina" was never finished.

In this year (1742) Gray seems first to have applied himself seriously to poetry; for in this year were produced the "Ode to Spring," his "Prospect of Eton," and his "Ode to Adversity." He began likewise a Latin poem, "*De principiis cogitandi*."

It may be collected from the narrative of Mr. Mason, that his first ambition was to have excelled in Latin poetry: perhaps it were reasonable to wish that he had prosecuted his design; for though there is at present some embarrassment in his phrase, and some harshness in his lyric numbers, his copiousness of language is such as very few possess; and his lines, even when imperfect, dis-

cover a writer whom practice would quickly have made skilful.

He now lived on at Peterhouse, very little solicitous what others did or thought, and cultivated his mind and enlarged his views without any other purpose than of improving and amusing himself; when Mr. Mason being elected fellow of Pembroke Hall, brought him a companion who was afterwards to be his editor, and whose fondness and fidelity has kindled in him a zeal of admiration, which cannot be reasonably expected from the neutrality of a stranger, and the coldness of a critick.

In this retirement he wrote (1747) an ode on the "Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat;" and the year afterwards attempted a poem of more importance, on "Government and Education," of which the fragments which remain have many excellent lines.

His next production (1750) was his far-famed "Elegy in the Church-yard," which, finding its way into a Magazine, first, I believe, made him known to the publick.

An invitation from Lady Cobham about this time gave occasion to an odd composition called "A Long Story," which adds little to Gray's character.

Several of his pieces were published (1753) with designs by Mr. Bentley, and, that they might in some form or other make a book, only one side

of each leaf was printed. I believe the poems and the plates recommended each other so well, that the whole impression was soon bought. This year he lost his mother.

Some time afterwards (1756) some young men of the college, whose chambers were near his, diverted themselves with disturbing him by frequent and troublesome noises, and, as is said, by pranks yet more offensive and contemptuous. This insolence, having endured it a while, he represented to the governors of the society, among whom perhaps he had no friends; and, finding his complaint little regarded, removed himself to Pembroke Hall.

In 1757 he published "The Progress of Poetry" and "The Bard," two compositions at which the readers of poetry were at first content to gaze in mute amazement. Some that tried them confessed their inability to understand them, though Warburton said that they were understood as well as the works of Milton and Shakspeare, which it is the fashion to admire. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Some hardy champions undertook to rescue them from neglect, and in a short time many were content to be shewn beauties which they could not see.

Gray's reputation was now so high, that, after the death of Cibber, he had the honour of refusing the laurel, which was then bestowed on Mr. Whithead.

His curiosity, not long after, drew him away from Cambridge to a lodging near the Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing; and, so far as can be discovered, very little affected by two odes on "Oblivion" and "Obscurity," in which his lyric performances were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

When the Professor of Modern History at Cambridge died, he was, as he says, "cockered" and "spirited up," till he asked it of Lord Bute, who sent him a civil refusal; and the place was given to Mr. Brocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His constitution was weak, and believing that his health was promoted by exercise and change of place, he undertook (1765) a journey into Scotland, of which his account, so far as it extends, is very curious and elegant: for, as his comprehension was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events. He naturally contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found a poet, a philosopher, and a good man. The Mareschal College at Aberdeen offered him the Degree of Doctor of Laws, which, having omitted to take it at Cambridge, he thought it decent to refuse.

What he had formerly solicited in vain, was at last given him without solicitation. The Professor-

ship of History became again vacant, and he received (1768) an offer of it from the duke of Grafton. He accepted, and retained it to his death ; always designing lectures, but never reading them ; uneasy at his neglect of duty, and appeasing his uneasiness with designs of reformation, and with a resolution which he believed himself to have made of resigning the office, if he found himself unable to discharge it.

Ill health made another journey necessary, and he visited (1769) Westmoreland and Cumberland. He that reads his epistolary narration wishes, that to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment ; but it is by studying at home that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

His travels and his studies were now near their end. The gout, of which he had sustained many weak attacks, fell upon his stomach, and yielding to no medicines, produced strong convulsions, which (July 30, 1771,) terminated in death.

His character I am willing to adopt, as Mr. Mason has done, from a Letter written to my friend Mr. Boswell, by the Rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Gluvias in Cornwall ; and am as willing as his warmest well-wisher to believe it true.

“ Perhaps he was the most learned man in  
“ Europe. He was equally acquainted with the  
“ elegant and profound parts of science, and that

“ not superficially but thoroughly. He knew  
“ every branch of history, both natural and civil ;  
“ had read all the original historians of England,  
“ France, and Italy ; and was a great antiquarian.  
“ Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made  
“ a principal part of his study ; voyages and travels  
“ of all sorts were his favourite amusements ; and  
“ he had a fine taste in painting, prints, archi-  
“ tecture, and gardening. With such a fund of  
“ knowledge, his conversation must have been  
“ equally instructing and entertaining ; but he was  
“ also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity.  
“ There is no character without some speck, some  
“ imperfection ; and I think the greatest defect in  
“ his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effe-  
“ minacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt  
“ and disdain of his inferiors in science. He  
“ also had, in some degree, that weakness which  
“ disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve :  
“ though he seemed to value others chiefly accord-  
“ ing to the progress they had made in knowledge,  
“ yet he could not bear to be considered himself  
“ merely as a man of letters ; and though without  
“ birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to  
“ be looked upon as a private independent gentle-  
“ man, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it  
“ may be said, What signifies so much knowledge,  
“ when it produced so little ? Is it worth taking  
“ so much pains to leave no memorial but a few  
“ poems ? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray



“ was to others at least innocently employed , to  
 “ himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed  
 “ agreeably ; he was every day making some new  
 “ acquisition in science ; his mind was enlarged,  
 “ his heart softened, his virtue strengthened ; the  
 “ world and mankind were shewn to him without  
 “ a mask , and he was taught to consider every  
 “ thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention  
 “ of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge  
 “ and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God  
 “ hath placed us.”

To this character Mr. Mason has added a more particular account of Gray's skill in zoology. He has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected most “ before those whom he did not wish to “ please ;” and that he is unjustly charged with making knowledge his sole reason of preference, as he paid his esteem to none whom he did not likewise believe to be good.

What has occurred to me from the slight inspection of his Letters in which my undertaking has engaged me, is, that his mind had a large grasp ; that his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated ; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all, but that he was fastidious and hard to please. His contempt, however, is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon scepticism, and infidelity. His short account of Shaftesbury I will insert.

“ You say you cannot conceive how lord Shaf-

“tesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue ; I  
“will tell you : first, he was a lord ; secondly,  
“he was as vain as any of his readers ; thirdly,  
“men are very prone to believe what they do not  
“understand ; fourthly, they will believe any  
“thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it ; fifthly, they love to take a  
“new road, even when that road leads no where ;  
“sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seems  
“always to mean more than he said. Would  
“you have any more reasons ? An interval of  
“above forty years has pretty well destroyed the  
“charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners ;  
“vanity is no longer interested in the matter ; for  
“a new road is become an old one.”

Mr. Mason has added from his own knowledge, that though Gray was poor, he was not eager of money ; and that, out of the little that he had, he was very willing to help the necessitous.

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition ; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments ; a fantastic foppery, to which my kindness for a man of learning and of virtue wishes him to have been superiour.

---

GRAY'S Poetry is now to be considered ; and

I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confess that I contemplate it with less pleasure than his life.

His ode on "Spring" has something poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late arisen a practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives, the termination of participles; such as the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to see, in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *honied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too stale; the conclusion is pretty.

The poem "On the Cat" was doubtless by its author considered as a trifle, but it is not a happy trifle. In the first stanza "the azure flowers *that* blow," shew resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made when it cannot easily be found. Selima, the Cat, is called a nymph, with some violence both to language and sense; but there is good use made of it when it is done; for of the two lines,

What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish

the first relates merely to the nymph, and the second only to the cat. The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that "a favourite has no friend;" but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose; if *what glistered* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into

the water; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned.

The "Prospect of Eton College" suggests nothing to Gray, which every beholder does not equally think and feel. His supplication to father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowledge than himself. His epithet "buxom health" is not elegant; he seems not to understand the word. Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more remote from common use: finding in Dryden "honey redolent of Spring," an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making "gales" to be "redolent of joy and youth."

Of the "Ode on Adversity," the hint was first taken from "O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium;" but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I will not by slight objections violate the dignity.

My process has now brought me to the *wonderful* "Wonder of Wonders," the two Sister Odes; by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be

pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of the "Progress of Poetry."

Gray seems in his rapture to confound the images of "spreading sound and running water." A "stream of musick," may be allowed; but where does "musick," however "smooth and "strong," after having visited the "verdant vales, "rowl down the steep amain," so as that "rocks "and nodding groves rebellow to the roar?" If this be said of Musick, it is nonsense; if it be said of Water, it is nothing to the purpose.

The second stanza, exhibiting Mars's car, and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a school-boy to his common-places.

To the third it may likewise be objected, that it is drawn from Mythology, though such as may be more easily assimilated to real life. Idalia's "velvetgreen" has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art: an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. "Many twinkling" was formerly censured as not analogical; we may say "many-spotted," but scarcely "manv-spotting." This stanza, however, has something pleasing.

Of the second ternary of stanzas, the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion: the second describes well enough the universal preva-

Justice of Poetry ; but I am afraid that the conclusion will not rise from the premises. The caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the residences of "Glory and generous Shame." But that Poetry and Virtue go always together is an opinion so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true.

The third stanza sounds big with "Delphi," and "Egean," and "Ilissus," and "Meander," and "hallowed fountains," and "solemn sound;" but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous splendour which we wish away. His position is at last false: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom we derive our first school of Poetry, Italy was over-run by "tyrant power" and "coward vice;" nor was our state much better when we first borrowed the Italian arts.

Of the third ternary, the first gives a mythological birth of Shakspeare. What is said of that mighty genius is true ; but it is not said happily: the real effects of this poetical power are put out of sight by the pomp of machinery. Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless: the counterfeit debases the genuine.

His account of Milton's blindness, if we suppose it caused by study in the formation of his poem, a supposition surely allowable, is poetically true, and happily imagined. But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two coursers*, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a *car* in which any other rider may be placed.

"The Bard" appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. Algarotti thinks it superior to its original, and, if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in "The Bard" more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is less than to invent, and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. *Incredulus odi.*

To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little use; we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. I do not see that "The Bard" promotes any truth, moral or political.

His stanzas are too long, especially his epodes; the ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.

Of the first stanza the abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but technical beauties can give praise only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to rush abruptly upon his subject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*,

"Is there ever a man in all Scotland?"—

The initial resemblances, or alliterations, "ruin, "ruthless, helm or hauberk," are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at sublimity.

In the second stanza the Bard is well described; but in the third we have the puerilities of obsolete mythology. When we are told that "Cadwallo" "hush'd the stormy main," and that "Modred" "made huge Plinlinon" how his "cloud-top'd" "head," attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.

The *weaving* of the *winding sheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the northern Bards; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers, as the act of spinning the thread of life in another mythology. Theft is always dangerous; Gray has made weavers of slaughtered bards, by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to "Weave the warp, "and weave the woof," perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by crossing the *woof* with the *warp* that men *weave* the *web* or piece; and the first line was dearly bought by the admission of its wretched correspondent, "Give ample room and "verge enough\*." He has, however, no other line as bad.

The third stanza of the second ternary is com-

\* "I have a soul, that like an ample shield

"Can take in all, and verge enough for more."

Dryden's *Selucus*,



mended, I think, beyond its merit. The personification is indistinct. *Thirst* and *Hunger* are not alike; and their features to make the imagery perfect, should have been discriminated. We are told, in the same stanza, "how towers are fed." But I will no longer look for particular faults; yet let it be observed that the ode might have been concluded with an action of better example; but suicide is always to be had, without expence of thought.

These odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments; they strike, rather than please, the images are magnified by affectation; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. "Double, double, toil and trouble." He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.

To say that he has no beauties, would be unjust: a man like him, of great learning and great industry, could not but produce something valuable. When he pleases least, it can only be said that a good design was ill directed.

His translations of Northey and Welsh Poetry deserve praise; the imagery is preserved, perhaps often improved; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

In the character of his Elegy I rejoice to con-

cur with the common reader ; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The “ Churchyard” abounds with images which find a mirrour in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning “ Yet even these bones,” are to me original: I have never seen the notions in any other place ; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him,

THE  
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF MR. THOMAS GRAY.

*Extracted from the registry of the Prerogative Court  
of Canterbury.*

---

IN the name of God. *Amen.* I, Thomas Gray, of Pembroke-hall in the University of Cambridge, being of sound mind and in good health of body, yet ignorant how long these blessings may be indulged me, do make this my Last Will and Testament, in manner and form following. First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the church-yard of Stoke-Poges, near Slough in Buckinghamshire, by her remains, in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered, and (unless it be very inconvenient, I could wish that one of my executors may see me laid in the grave, and distribute among such honest and industrious poor persons in the said parish as he thinks fit the sum of ten pounds in charity. Next, I give to George Williamson, Esq. my second cousin by the father's side, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the sum of five hundred

# LAST WILL OF GRAY.

pounds, reduced Bank annuities, now standing in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring, also my second cousin by the father's side, of the county of Sussex, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and a pair of large blue and white old Japan china jars. *Item*, I give to Mary Antrobus, of Cambridge, spinster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr Nortgeth, perfumer, provided that she pay out of the said rent, by half-yearly payments, Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the sum of twenty pounds *per annum* during her natural life; and after the decease of the said Jane Olliffe, I give the said estate to the said Mary Antrobus, to have and to hold to her, her heirs and assigns for ever. Further, I bequeath to the said Mary Antrobus the sum of six hundred pounds new South-Sea annuities, now standing in the joint names of Jane Olliffe, and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five pounds *per annum*, to Graves Stokely, of Stoke-Pogeis in the county of Bucks, which sum of six hundred pounds, after the decease of the said annuitant, does (by the will of Anna Rogers, my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me, together with all overplus of interest in the meantime accruing. Further, if at the time of my decease there shall be any arrear of salary due to

me from his Majesty's treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns, of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds old South-Sea annuities, of three hundred pounds four *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, and of two hundred pounds three *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, all now standing in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, Esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park, in the Bishoprick of Durham, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my servant, Stephen Hempstead, the sum of fifty pounds reduced Bank annuities, and if he continues in my service to the time of my death, I also give him all my wearing apparel and linen. I give to my two cousins above-mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china ware, bed linen and table linen, and the furniture of my chambers at Cambridge not otherwise bequeathed, to be equally and amicably shared between them. I give to the Reverend William Mason, Precentor of York, all my books, manuscripts, coins, music printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion. And after my just debts and the expenses

of my funeral are discharged, all the residue of my personal estate whatsoever I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Reverend William Mason, and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, President of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them, desiring them to apply the sum of two hundred pounds to an use of charity concerning which I have already informed them. And I do hereby constitute and appoint them, the said William Mason and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my Last Will and Testament. And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, shall go about to molest or commence any suit against my said executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons, and give it to be divided between my said executors and residuary legatees, whose integrity and kindness I have so long experienced, and who can best judge of my true intention and meaning. In witness whereof I have herunto set my hand and seal this 2d day of July 1770. THOMAS GRAY.

*Signed, sealed, published, and declared, by the said Thomas Gray, the testator, as and for his Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have signed our names as witnesses hereto.*

RICHARD BAKER,  
THOMAS WILSON,  
JOSEPH TURNER.

Proved at London the 12th of August 1771,  
before the Worshipful Andrew Coltre, Ducarel  
Doctor of Laws and Surrogate, by the oaths of the  
Reverend William Mason, Clerk, Master of Arts,  
and the Reverend James Browne, Clerk, Master  
of Arts, the executors, to whom administration  
was granted, having been first sworn duly to ad-  
minister.

JOHN STEVENS.

HENRY STEIVINS.

GEO. GOSTLING, *jun.*

} *Deputy Registrars.*





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## ODES.

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### ON THE SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
Fair Venus' train, appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,  
And wake the purple year,  
The attic warbler pours her throat  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of spring,  
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,  
Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader, browner shade,  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade,  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)  
How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
How low, how little, are the proud,  
How indigent the great !

\*.....a bank  
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine.  
*Shaksp. Mid. Night's Dream.*

Still is the toiling hand of Care,  
 The panting herds repose,  
 Yet hark! how thro' the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows!  
 The insect youth are on the wing,  
 Eager to taste the honey'd spring,  
 And float amid the liquid noon;\*  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim,  
 Quick-glancing to the sun.†

To Contemplation's sober eye,‡  
 Such is the race of man,  
 And they that creep and they that fly  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the busy and the gay  
 But flutter thro' life's little day,  
 In Fortune's varying colours drest;  
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,  
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance  
 They leave, in dust to rest.

\*Methinks I hear, in accent low,  
 The sportive kind reply,  
 Poor Moralist! and what art thou?  
 A solitary fly!

\* *Nare per æstatem liquidam.* Virg. Georg. lib. 4.

† .....sporting with quick glance,  
 Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost, b. 7.*

‡ While insects from the threshold preach, &c.  
*Mr. Green in the Grotto. Dodds's Miscellanies, vol. v. p. 161.*

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display ;  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown,  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone——  
 We frolic while 'tis May,

---

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

*Drowned in a tub of gold fishes.*

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,  
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd  
 The azure flow'rs that blow,  
 Demurest of the tabby kind,  
 The pensive Selima, reclin'd,  
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;  
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
 The velvet of her paws,  
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
 Her ears of jet, and em'rald eyes,  
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd, but 'midst the tide  
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
 The Genii of the stream ;  
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue

Thro' richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :  
A whisker first and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize :  
What female heart can gold despise ?  
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumpt'ous maid ! with looks intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between :  
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd)  
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd ;  
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god  
Some speedy aid to send.  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,  
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard :  
A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceiv'd,  
Know one false step is ne'er retriev'd,  
And be with caution :  
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glitters gold.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF  
ETON COLLEGE.

\* Αἰθρωπὸς ἱκανὴ προφασίς εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν

MENANDER.

YE distant spires ! ye antique tow'rs !  
That crown the wat'ry glade  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's \* holy shade,  
And ye that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs, among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !  
Ah fields belov'd in vain !  
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
A stranger yet to pain !  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing  
My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
And redolent † of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

\* King Henry VI. founder of the college.

† And bees their honey redolent of spring.

*Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.*

Say, father Thames ! for thou hast seen  
Full many a spightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green  
The paths of pleasure trace,  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?  
The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed  
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest bus'ness bent  
Their murmur'ing labours ply,  
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty,  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry :  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd ;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast ;  
Their buxom health of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer of vigour born,  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,

The spirits pure, the slumbers light  
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play !  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day :  
Yet see how all around 'em wait  
The ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train !  
Ah ! shew them where in ambush stand  
To seize their prey the murd'rous band !  
Ah ! tell them they are men.

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that sculks behind ;  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth  
That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice  
And grinning Infamy :

The stings of Falschood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow,  
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,  
 And moody Madness \* laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen :  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage ;  
 Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings ; all are men  
 Condemn'd alike to groan,  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 Th' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

\* And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.  
*Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.*



## ODE

TO ADVERSITY.

— Ζήνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδῶ ;  
 Σάντα, τῷ παθεῖ μάθαν  
 Οἶντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS in *Agamemnon*.

DAUGHTER of Jove ! relentless pow'r,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best !  
 Bound in thy adamantine chain  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpity'd and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
 And bad to form her infant mind ;  
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore ;  
 What sorrow was thou badst her know, [weep  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'

ODES.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific fly  
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
And leave us leisure to be good.  
Light they disperse, and with them go  
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe ;  
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,  
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,  
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,  
And Melancholy, silent maid,  
With leaden eye that loves the ground,  
Still on thy solemn steps attend,  
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,  
With Justice, so herself severe,  
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,  
Dread goddess ! lay thy chast'ning hand,  
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
Nor circled with the vengeful band :  
(As by the impious thou art seen)  
With thund'ring voice and threatening mien,  
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,  
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess ! wear,  
Thy milder influence impart,

Thy philosophic train be there,  
To soften, not to wound my heart :  
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
Teach me to love and to forgive ;  
Exact my own defects to scan,  
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

# THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

PINDARIC.

## Advertisement.

When the Author first published this and the following Ode he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes, but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.

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Φωνᾶν ἰα συνόδοισιν' ἔς

Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων

Χαλίζεσσι—

PINDAR, *Olymp.* ii.

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### I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre! awake,\*  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings,  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take,

\* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.

*David's Psalms*

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολίς μελῳδή, Αἰολίδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδαν πνοαὶ αὐλῶν, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.—The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united. The various sources of poetry which gives life and lustre to all its touches, are here described, as well in the quiet majestic progress, enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with all the pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers, as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swain and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

The laughing flow'rs that round them blow  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign ;  
 Now rolling down the steep amain  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;  
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

1. 2.

Oh ! Sov'reign \* of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares  
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.  
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command :  
 Perching on the sceptred hand †  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing ;  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

1. 3.

Thee ‡ the voice, the dance obey,  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay :  
 O'er Idalia's velvet green  
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,

\* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul.  
 The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

‡ Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

On Cytherea's day,  
 With antic Sports and blue-ey'd Pleasures  
 Frisking light in frolic measures :  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet ;  
 To brisk notes in cadence beating  
 Glance their many-twinkling feet. \*  
 Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare ;  
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay :  
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
 The bloom of young desire and purple light of love. †

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await ! ‡  
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !  
 The fond complaint, my Song ! disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse ?  
 Night and all her sickly dews,

✽ *Μαρμαρυγὰς θηέτο ποδῶν· δαίματι δὲ θυμῷ.*  
*Homer, Od. Θ.*

† *Λαμπεὶ δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρίῃσι*  
*Περσέϊσι σὺν ἱππῶσι. Phrynichus apud Athen.*

‡ To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

Her spectres wan and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky,  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar \*  
 Hyperion's march they spy and glitt'ring shafts of  
 11. 2. [war.

In climes † beyond the Solar Road, ‡  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom  
 To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode :  
 And oft beneath the od'rous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs and dusky loves.  
 Her track where'er the goddess roves  
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,  
 Th' unconquerable mind and freedom's holy flame.  
 11. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep, §  
 Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,

\* Or seen the morning's well-appointed star,  
 Come marching up the eastern hills afar. *Cowley.*

† Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and  
 most uncivilized nations, its connection with liberty, and the  
 virtues that naturally attend on it. (See the *Euse*, *Norwegian*,  
 and *Welsh Fragments*, the *Lapiand* and *American songs*, &c.)

‡ *Extra auri solisque vias..... Virgil.*  
*Itera longana dal camin d-i sole. Petrarch, Canz. 2.*

§ Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to  
 England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of  
 Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surry and Sir Thomas Wyatt  
 had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there; Spenser  
 imitated the Italian writers, Milton improved on them: but this  
 school expired soon after the restoration, and a new one arose  
 on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Fields that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mænder's amber waves  
 In ling'ring lab'rînths creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute but to the voice of Anguish ?  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breath'd around,  
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound,  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains :  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Pow'r  
 And coward Vice that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost  
 They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled

III. 1.

[coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling \* laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd  
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil  
 Her awful face : the dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year ;  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy,  
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

\* Shakspeare.



## III. 2.

Nor second he \* that ro'de sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
 The secrets of the abyss to spy,  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time : †  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze, ‡  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw, but blasted with excess of light,  
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night. §  
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
 Two coursers of ethereal race, || [pace.  
 With necks in thunder cloth'd ¶ and long-resounding

## III. 3.

Hark ! his hands the lyre explore †  
 Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er  
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
 Thoughts that breathe and words that burn ; \*\*  
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more——††

\* Milton.

† . . . . . flammantia mœnia mundi.

Lucretius.

‡ For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone . . . . .

This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord

Ezekiel's 20, 26, 28.

§ Οφθαλμαῖν μὲν ἀμφοτέρωθεν δὶ νότιον ἀειδόν.

Homer's *Odyssey*.

¶ Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

‡ Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ?

Job.

\*\* Words that weep and tears that speak.

Cowley.

†† We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day, for Cowley, who

Oh lyre divine ! what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit  
 Nor the pride nor ample pinion  
 That the Theban eagle bear, \*  
 Saling with supreme dominion  
 Thro' the azure deep of air,  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
 With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun,  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the good how far, but far above the great.

had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses....above all in the last of Caractacus ;

Hark ! I heard ye not yon' footstep dread ? &c.

\* Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θάρον.

*Olymp. ii.*

Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise.

# THE BARD.

PINDARIC.

## Advertisement.

The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

### I. I.

‘ RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,  
‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing  
‘ They mock the air with idle state \*.  
‘ Helm nor hauberk’s † twisted mail,  
‘ Nor even thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail  
‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears;  
‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears! ‡  
Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride §  
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,  
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side ¶  
He wound with toilsome march his long array :

\* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

*Shaks. King John.*

† The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

‡ The crested adder’s pride.

*Dryden’s Indian Queen.*

§ Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous track which the Welsh themselves call Craigiau-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire,

Stout Glo'ster \* stood aghast in speechless trance,  
To arms † cry'd Mortimer, ‡ and couch'd his quiver  
1. 2. [vering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,  
Rob'd in the sable garb of Wo,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood;  
(Loose his beard and hoary hair ‡  
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air §)  
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
' Hark how each giant oak and desert cave  
' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath †  
' O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,  
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe,  
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
' To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay. |

1. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
' That hush'd the stormy main ;

as far east as the river Conway. R. Hydon, speaking of the Castle of Conway, built by King Edward I. says, *Ardentum animis Conwy ad clivum monis Eryi*; and Matthew of Westminster, (ed. an. 1285) *Amid Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdenia cetera etiam trun finto*.

\* Gilbert de Clare, servant of the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, so called by King Edward.

† ‡ Edmund de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

§ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Suffering Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed to be original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

‡ Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

- ' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :  
 ' Mountains ! ye mourn in vain  
 ' Modred, whose magic song  
 ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.  
 ' On dreary Arvon's \* shore they lie,  
 ' Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale ;  
 ' Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail,  
 ' The famish'd eagle † screams and passes by.  
 ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 ' Dear ‡ as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 ' Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
 ' Ye dy'd amidst your dying country's cries—  
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep :  
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
 ' I see them sit ; they linger yet,  
 ' Avengers of their native land ;  
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join, [line.]  
 ' And weave § with bloody hands the tissue of thy

11. 1.

- " Weave the warp and weave the woof,  
 " The winding sheet of Edward's race ;

\* The shores of Caernarvonshire, adjacent to the Isle of Anglesey.

† Camden and others observe, that Eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craiglan-eryri*, or the Crags of the Eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *The Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify. it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See *Willoughby's Ornithol.* published by Kzv.]

‡ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart..... *Shaksp. Julius Cæsar.*

§ See the Norwegian Ode that follows.

- " Give ample room and verge enough  
 " The characters of hell to trace.  
 " Mark the year and mark the night  
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 " The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roofs that  
 " Shrieks of an agonizing king ! \* [ring,  
 " She-wolf of France, † with unrelenting fangs  
 " That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
 " From thee ‡ be born who o'er thy country hangs  
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him  
     wait !  
 " Amazement in' his van, with Flight combin'd,  
 " And sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

## 11. 2.

- " Mighty victor, mighty lord,  
 " Low on his fun'ral couch he lies ! §  
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 " A tear to grace his obsequies !  
 " Is the sable warrior ¶ fled ?  
 " Thy son is gone ; he rests among the dead.  
 " The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,  
 " Gone to salute the rising morn :  
 " Fair laughs the morn, ¶ and soft the zephyr blows,  
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

\* Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

† Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward III. in France

§ Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

¶ Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father

¶ & Mauguette o. Richard II.'s reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers



- "Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread;  
 "The bristled Boar \* in infant gore  
 "Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 "Now Brothers! bending o'er th' accursed loom  
 "Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

- "Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 "(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun;)  
 "Half of thy heart † we consecrate;  
 "(The web is wove; the work is done.)"  
 "Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
 "Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn.  
 "In yon bright track that fires the western skies  
 "They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 "But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height  
 "Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?  
 "Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,  
 "Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul!  
 "No more our long-lost Arthur ‡ we bewail:  
 "All hail, ye genuine Kings, § Britannia's issue, hail!

\* The silver Boar was the badge of Richard III. whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

† Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

‡ It was the common belief of the Welch nation that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and should return again to reign over Britain.

§ Both Merlin and Taliesin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.



## III. 2.

- ‘ Girt with many a baron bold
- ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
- ‘ And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
- ‘ In bearded majesty appear ;
- ‘ In the midst a form divine,
- ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line,
- ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face, \*
- ‘ Attempter’d sweet to virgin-grace.
- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play !
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Taliesin ! † hear !
- ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of heav’n her many-colour’d

## III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
- ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love, ‡
- ‘ And Truth severe, by Fairy Fiction drest.
- ‘ In buskin’d measures move §
- ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- ‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

\* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dziahnski, ambassador of Poland, says, “ And thus she, a lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture than with the tartness of her prismatic cheeks ”

† Taliesin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

‡ Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

*Spenser's Poem to the Fairy Queen.*

§ Shakespeare.

‘ A voice \* as of the cherub-choir  
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear,  
‘ And distant warblings † lessen on my ear,  
‘ That lost in long futurity expire. [cloud,  
‘ Fond impious man! think’st thou yon sanguine  
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of day?  
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
‘ Enough for me : with joy I see  
‘ The diff’rent doom our Fates assign :  
‘ Be thine despair and sceptred care,  
‘ To triumph and to die are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height  
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.

\* Milton.

† The succession of poets after Milton’s time.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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**T**HE Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving a history of English poetry : in the introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors : the following three imitations made a part of them. He afterwards dropped his design ; especially after he had heard that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste and his researches into antiquity.

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## PREFACE.

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**I**N the 11th century SIGURD, Earl of the Orkney-Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland to the assistance of *Sigtryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law, BRIAN, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sigtryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the day of battle) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horse-back, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom, and as they wove they sung the following dreadful song, which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and each taking her portion, galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

ODE.  
THE FATAL SISTERS.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

*To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus, Hafnia  
1679, folio; and also in Bartholinus.*

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*Þitt er orpit fyrir Valfalli, &c.*

Now the storm begins to low'r,  
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare)  
Iron-sleet of arrowy show'r \*  
Hurries † in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom  
Where the dusky warp we strain,  
Weaving many a soldier's doom,  
Orkney's wo and Randver's bane.

*Note.* The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Wodan) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chasers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands, and in the course of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter and conducted them to Valfalla, (the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave) where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

\* How quick they vneel'd, and, flying, behind them shot,  
Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r..... *Miss. Pres. Reg.*

† The noise of battle hurried in the air. *Shak. Jul. Cas.*

See the grisly texture grow,  
(Tis of human entrails made)  
And the weights that play below  
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,  
Shoot the trembling cords along:  
Sword, that once a monarch bore,  
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific maid !  
Sangrida and Hilda see,  
Join the wayward work to aid ;  
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set  
Pikes must shiver, jav'lines sing,  
Blade with clatt'ring buckle meet,  
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)  
Let us go and let us fly  
Where our friends the conflict share,  
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,  
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,  
Gondula and Geira, spread  
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,  
Ours to kill and ours to spare :  
Spite of danger he shall live,  
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They whom once the desert beach  
Pent within its bleak domain  
Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,  
Gor'd with many a gaping wound :  
Fate demands a nobler head ;  
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin \* weep,  
Ne'er again his likeness see ;  
Long her strains in sorrow steep,  
Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,  
Clouds of carnage blot the sun :  
Sisters ! weave the web of death :  
Sisters ! cease ; the work is done.

Hail the task and hail the hands !  
Songs of joy and triumph sing ;  
Joy to the victorious bands,  
Triumph to the younger king.

\* Ireland.

Mortal ! thou that hear'st the tale,  
 Learn the tenor of our song ;  
 Scotland ! thro' each winding vale  
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters ! hence with spurs of speed ;  
 Each her thund'ring falchion wield ;  
 Each bestride her sable steed :  
 Hurry, hurry, to the field.

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## ODE.

### THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

*To be found in Bartholinus, de causis contemnenda mortis ;  
 Hafna, 1689, quarto.*

*Upreis Odinn Allda gautr, &c.*

**U**PPOSE the King of Men with speed,  
 And saddled straight his coal-black steed ;  
 Down the yawning steep he rode  
 That leads to Hela's \* drear abode.

\* Nidheimr. the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle, over it presided Hela, the goddess of Death.



Him the Dog of Darkness spy'd,  
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,  
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
 Foam and human gore distill'd :  
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
 Eyes that glow and fangs that grin,  
 And long pursues with fruitless yell  
 The father of the pow'ful spell :  
 Onward still his way he takes,  
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes)  
 Till full before his fearless eyes  
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate  
 By the moss-grown pile he sate,  
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
 The dust of the prophetic maid.  
 Facing to the northern clime,  
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme,  
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead,  
 Till from out the hollow ground  
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPH. What call unknown, what charms pre-  
 To break the quiet of the tomb? [sume  
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
 And drags me from the realms of Night?  
 Long on these mould'ring bones have beat  
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,

The drenching dews and driving rain !  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he with voice unblest  
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

ODIN. A traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
Thou the deeds of light shalt know,  
Tell me what is done below, \*  
For whom yon glittering board is spread,  
Drest for whom yon golden bed ?

PROPH. Mantling in the goblet see  
The pure beverage of the bee,  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold ;  
Balder's head to death is giv'n ;  
Pain can reach the sons of Heav'n !  
Unwilling I my lips unclose ;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN. Once again my call obey :  
Prophetess ! arise, and say  
What dangers Odin's child await,  
Who the author of his fate ?

\* Odin, we find both from this Ode and the Edda, was solicitous about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed that he was soon to die. The Edda mentions the manner of his death when killed by Odin's other son Hoder, and also that Hoder was himself slain afterwards by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy.

PROPH. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;  
His brother sends him to the tomb.  
Now my weary lips I close ;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN. Prophetess ! my spell obey,  
Once again arise, and say  
Who th' avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt ?

PROPH. In the caverns of the west,  
By Odin's fierce embrace compest,  
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,  
Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile  
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.  
Now my weary lips I close ;  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN. Yet a while my call obey :  
Prophetess ! awake, and say  
What virgins these, in speechless wo,  
That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils that float in air ?  
Tell me whence their sorrows rose,  
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPH. Ha ! no traveller art thou,  
King of Men, I know thee now ;  
Mightiest ~~of~~ a mighty line——

ODIN. No boding maid of skill divine  
Art thou, no prophetess of good,  
But mother of the giant-brood !

PROPH. Hie thee hence, and boast at home  
That never shall enquirer come  
To break my iron-sleep again  
Till Lok \* has burst his tenfold chain ;  
Never till substantial Night  
Has re-assum'd her ancient right,  
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.

---

*The following is a literal version of the original poem, of which the foregoing is an imitation. Mr. Gray, either from choice, or the want of a complete copy, has passed over the five first stanzas.*

## I.

DEEP to consult,  
The gods all met ;

\* Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human-race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear, the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies ; even Odin himself, and his kindred-deities, shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see *Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemarck*, par Mons. Mallat, 1755, 4to, or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled *Northern Antiquities*, in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

To talk aloud,  
 The goddesses ;  
 Debate the holy synod shook  
 On Balder's late  
 Portentous dreams.

## II.

By turbid slumbers tossed  
 The hero weened, he saw  
 Amid the gloom of night  
 His genius disappear :  
 The giants prostrate asked  
 The power of oracles,  
 If in the vision dim  
 A secret terror lurked.

## III.

The oracles replied  
 That Uller's \* friend elect,  
 The darling of all beings,  
 Was summon'd to his fate ;  
 Anguish seized  
 Freya † and Suafne,  
 And the celestial host :  
 Firm they resolved to send

## IV.

An embassy around  
 To nature's general race,  
 Their unison to ask

\* The son of Sif, noted among the gods for beauty, archery,  
 and skill in skating.

† The wife of Odin.

For Balder's safety :  
Unanimous they took  
An universal oath  
As Freya's self  
Exacted it of each.

## V.

The father of the slain  
Suspected still a flaw—  
The fatal absence  
Of the destinies—  
The gods he called anew,  
And their decision asked ;  
But discord rent  
The loud assembly.

## VI.

Up rose Odin  
The sire of men,  
O'er Sleipner strait  
His saddle threw :  
The road he took  
Of Niflheimr dark,  
And met the whelp  
Of murky hell.

## VII.

Gore him distained  
Athwart his breast,  
Wide flash'd his jaw  
Rent to devour :  
Aloud he bark'd,  
Aman he yawned,

And long howled round  
The sire of spells.

## VIII.

On rode Odin  
His thunder-shaken path,  
On to the roof  
Of Hela high :  
What spot, before  
The orient-door,  
He knew full well  
Voiva was laid.

## IX.

Turned to the north,  
The sire of exorcism  
Began to tune  
The song of death :  
The eddying wand,  
The mighty spell,  
Unlock'd to moans  
The hell-bound voice.

## X.

VOIVA. What wight is he,  
To me unknown,  
That wakes my sense  
To trouble new ?  
Snowed o'er with snows  
By showers beat,  
All drenched with dew  
Dead lay I long.

## XI.

ODIN. Vegtamt is my name,  
The son of Valtams, I;  
Tell thou of Hell:—  
I can of light:—  
For whom is spread  
Yon radiant board?  
That couch for whom  
Flooded with gold?

## XII.

VOLVA. For Balder brews  
Yon mead-crown'd cup  
Its pearly wave.  
His the incumbent shield;  
The loud lament  
Of Asa's sons.  
Unwilling have I spoke!  
Dismiss me to my rest.

## XIII.

ODIN. Volva! say on,—  
For I shall ask  
Till I know all,  
This one I want to learn,—  
Beneath whose arm  
Shall Balder fall?  
What man shall nip  
His bloom of life?

## XIV.

VOLVA. That towering thought  
Swells the proud breast



Of Haudr homicide!  
 Fell Haudr nips  
 The blooming day,  
 Of Odin's son!  
 Unwilling have I spoke!  
 Dismiss me to my rest.

## XV.

ODIN. Volva! say on:  
 What man shall glut  
 Revenge for Haudr's rage?  
 And on the flaming hill  
 Lift Balder's foe?

## XVI.

VOLVA. Far in her western halls  
 Rinda to Odin bears  
 A son—who shall not greet  
 His second night, or clear  
 His hand of blood, or comb  
 His locks, e'er on the pile  
 He hurls slain Balder's foe!  
 Unwilling have I spoke!  
 Dismiss me to my rest.

## XVII.

ODIN. Volva! say on:  
 What \* virgins those

\* The oracles had told that Balder might be redeemed from Hela, by what they knew could not happen, the unanimous intercession of the sex. Odin, after having received answers to every question that coincided with the decrees of fate, makes use of an artifice to come at the knowledge of Balder's final destiny, by inventing a vision of female lamentation, and betrays himself by this trick to the prophetic, who saw only realities.

That flow in tears,  
 And heavenward throw  
 Their snowy veils ?  
 This answer yet  
 E'er thou repose.

## XVIII.

VOLVA. Vegtarnr, thou art not  
 As I weened !  
 Odin, thou art  
 The sire of men !

## XIX.

ODIN. Volva, thou art not ;  
 Thou, wizard none ;  
 The dam thou art  
 Of giant-cubs !

## XX.

VOLVA. Ride home Odin,  
 And triumph now !  
 And thus fare he  
 Who breaks my sleep,  
 Till Lock redeemed  
 His fetters bursts !  
 And twilight blasts  
 The eve of gods !

ODE.  
THE TRIUMPH OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

*From Mr. Evans's Specimen of the Welch Poetry, London,  
1764, quarto.*

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Advertisement.

Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120; this battle was near forty years afterwards.

O WEN's praise demands my song,  
Owen swift and Owen strong,  
Fairest flow'r of Rod'rick's stem,  
Gwyneth's \* shield and Britain's gem.  
He nor heaps his brooded stores  
Nor on all profusely pours,  
Lord of ev'ry regal art,  
Lib'ral hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
Squadrons three against him came,  
This the force of Eirin hiding,  
Side by side as proudly riding,  
On her shadow long and gay  
Lochlin † plows the wat'ry way;  
There the Norman sails afar,  
Catch the winds and join the war,

\* North Wales.

† Denmark.

Black and huge along they sweep,  
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands  
The Dragon son \* of Mona stands ;  
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,  
High he rears his ruby crest :  
There the thund'ring storks begin,  
There the press and there the din,  
Talymalfra's rocky shore  
Echoing to the battle's roar.  
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood  
Backward Meirai rolls his flood,  
While heap'd his master's feet around  
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.  
Where his glowing eye-balls turn  
Thousand banners round him burn,  
Where he points his purple spear  
Hasty, hasty rout is there,  
Marking with indignant eye,  
Fear to stop and Shame to fly :  
There Confusion, Terror's child,  
Conflict fierce and Ruin wild,  
Agony that pants for breath,  
Despair and honourable Death.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The red Dragon is the device of Cadwalladar, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

## ODE.

### THE DEATH OF HOEL.

*From the Welch of Aneurim, styled The Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliesin. A D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin. [See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71, 73.]*

HAD I but the torrent's might,  
With headlong rage and wild affright  
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd  
To rush and sweep them from the world!  
Too, too secure in youthful pride  
By them my friend, my Hoel dy'd,  
Great Cian's son; of Madoc old,  
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold:  
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,  
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row,  
Twice two hundred warriors go;  
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck  
Chains of regal honour deck,  
Wreath'd in many a golden link:  
From the golden cup they drink  
Nectar that the bees produce,  
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.  
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn,  
But none from Cattraeth's vale return.  
Save Aëron brave and Conan strong,  
(Bursting through the bloody throng)

And I, the meanest of them all,  
That live to weep and sing their fall.

---

ODE.

FOR MUSIC.

*Performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge, July 1, 1769,  
at the installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry Fitzroy,  
Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.*

I.

“ HENCE, avaunt! ’tis holy ground)  
“ Comus and his midnight crew,  
“ And Ignorance with looks profound,  
“ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,  
“ Mad Sedition’s cry profane,  
“ Servitude that hugs her chain,  
“ Nor in these consecrated bow’rs  
“ Let painted Flatt’ry hide her serpent-train in  
“ Nor Envy base nor creeping Gain. [flow’rs,  
“ Dare the Muse’s walk to stain,  
“ While bright-ey’d Science watches round :  
“ Hence, away! ’tis holy ground!”

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
Bursts on my ear th’ indignant lay ;  
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,  
The few whom Genius gave to shine  
Thro’ ev’ry unborn age and undiscover’d clime.

Rapt in celestial transport they,  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high  
 They send of tender sympathy  
 To bless the place where on their op'ning soul  
 First the genuine ardour stole.  
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,  
 And as the choral warblings round him swell  
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme,

III.

" Ye brown o'er-arching groves !  
 " That contemplation loves,  
 " Where willowy Camus lingers with delight,  
 " Oft at the blush of dawn  
 " I trod your level lawn,  
 " Oft wou'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright  
 " In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
 " With Freedom by my side and soft-ey'd Melan-  
 IV. [choly."

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth  
 With solemn steps and slow,  
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,  
 And mitred fathers, in long order go :  
 Great Edward, with the Lilies on his brow \*  
 From haughty Gallia torn,  
 And sad Chatillon, † on her bridal morn

\* Edward III. who added the *Fleur de lys* of France to the arms of England.. He founded Trinity-college.

† Mary de Valenria, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France, of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pema-

That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,\*  
 And Anjou's Heroine, † and the paler Rose, ‡  
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes,  
 And either Henry § there,  
 The murder'd saint and the majestic lord,  
 That broke the bonds of Rome  
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
 Their human passions now no more,  
 Save charity, that glows beyond the tomb)  
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
 And had those awful fanes and turrets rise  
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning came ;  
 And thus they speak in soft accord  
 The liquid language of the skies :

## V.

- ' What is grandeur, what is power ?
- ' Heavier toil, superior pain :
- ' What the bright reward we gain ?
- ' The grateful mem'ry of the good.

broke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke-college or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valent a.

\* Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward I. ; hence the poet gives her the epithet of princely. She founded Clare-hall.

† Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. foundress of Queen's college. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former ode.

‡ Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward IV. (hence called the paler Rose, in being of the house of York.) She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

§ Henry the VI. and VIII. the former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity-college.



- ' Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
- ' The bee's collected treasures sweet,
- ' Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
- ' The still small voice of Gratitude.'

## VI.

- Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud,  
The venerable Marg'ret \* see !
- ' Welcome, my noble son ! she cries aloud,
  - ' To this thy kindred train and me :
  - ' Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
  - ' A Tudor's † sire, a Beaufort's grace.
  - ' Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
  - ' The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
  - ' And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
  - ' The fragrance of its blushing head ;
  - ' Shall raise from earth the latent gem
  - ' To glitter on the diadem.

## VII.

- ' Lo ! Granta waits to lead her blooming band ;
- ' Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
- ' No vulgar praise no venal incense flings,
- ' Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
- ' Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
- ' She reveres herself and thee.

\* Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII. foundress of St. John's and Christ's colleges.

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor ; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

- \* With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow  
 \* The laureat wreath \* that Cecil wore she brings,  
 \* And to thy just, thy gentle hand  
 \* Submits the fasces of her sway ;  
 \* While spirits blest above and men below  
 \* Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

## VIII.

- \* Thro' the wild waves as they roar  
 \* With watchful eye and dauntless mien  
 \* Thy steady course of honour keep,  
 \* Nor fear the rock nor seek the shore :  
 \* The star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
 \* And gilds the horrors of the deep.'

## ODE

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM  
VICISSITUDE.

*[Left unfinished by Mr. Gray. With additions, in Italics,  
by the late reverend Mr. Mason.]*

Now the golden morn aloft  
 Waves her dew bespangled wing,  
 With vermil cheek and whisper soft  
 She wooes the tardy spring :

\* Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University  
in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Till April starts and calls around  
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;  
 And lightly o'er the living scene  
 Scatters his freshest, tend'rest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ;  
 Forgetful of their wintry trance  
 The birds his presence greet :  
 But chief the sky-lark warbles high  
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;  
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight,  
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul ! on wings of fire,  
 Rise the rapt'rous choir among ;  
 Hark ! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,  
 And leads the general song :  
*Warm let the lyric transport flow,  
 Warm as the ray that bids it glow ;  
 And animates the vernal grove  
 With health, with harmony, and love.*

Yesterday the sullen year,  
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;  
 Mute was the music of the air,  
 The herd stood drooping by :  
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,  
 No yesterday, nor morrow know ;

'Tis man alone that joy describes  
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow  
Soft reflection's hand can trace ;  
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw  
A melancholy grace ;  
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,  
Or deepest shades that dimly lour  
And blacken round our weary way,  
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,  
See a kindred grief pursue ;  
Behind the steps that Mis'ry treads  
Approaching comfort view :  
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,  
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe :  
And blended form, with arm'd strife,  
'The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost  
On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length repair his vigour lost,  
And breathe, and walk again :  
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To Him are opening paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell

Near the source whence pleasure flows ;  
She eyes the clear crystalline well,  
And tastes it as it goes.

*While far below the madding crowd  
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,  
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,  
And perish in the boundless deeps.*

Mark where indolence, and pride,

Sooth'd by Flatt'ry's tinkling sound,  
Go, softly rolling, side by side,  
Their dull, but daily round :

To these, *if Hebe's self should bring  
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,  
Say, can they taste the flavour high  
Of sober, simple genuine joy ?*

Mark Ambition's restless time,

Up to perilous heights  
*While pale by Death's grim hand he climb,  
And sighs up to the light.*

*Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,  
Float hourly round Ambition's head ;  
While Spite, within his rival's breast,  
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.*

Happier he, the peasant, far,

From the pangs of passion free,

## HYMN.

*That breathes the keen yet wholesome air  
Of rugged pennury.*

*He, when his morning task is done,  
Can slumber in the noontide sun,  
And hie him home, at evening's close,  
To sweet repast, and calm repose.*

*He, unconscious whence the bliss,  
Feels, and owns in carols rude,  
That all the circling joys are his,  
Of dear Vicissitude.  
From toil he wins his spirits light  
From busy day, the peaceful night;  
Rich, from the very want of wealth,  
In Heaven's best treasures, Peace and Health.*

---

## HYMN TO [REDACTED] CE.

A [REDACTED]

[Supposed to have been [REDACTED] the year 1742.]

**H**AIL, Horror, hail! [REDACTED] ever gloomy bowers,  
Ye Gothic fanes, and ancient towers,  
Where rushy Cantus' slow winding flood  
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:  
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,  
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.

# TO IGNORANCE.

But chiefly thee, whose influence breathes from  
 Augments the native darkness of the sky ; [high  
 Ah, Ignorance ! soft salutary power !  
 Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.  
 Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,  
 Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.  
 Oh say successful do'st thou still oppose  
 Thy leaden Ægis 'gainst our ancient foes ?  
 Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,  
 The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line ?  
 And dews Lethean thro' the land dispense  
 To steep in slumbers each benighted sense ?  
 If any spark of Wit's delusive ray  
 Break out, and flash a momentary day,  
 With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,  
 And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.

Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,  
 Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.  
 Goddess ! awake, arise, ~~and~~ my fears !  
 Can powers immortal feel the force of years ?  
 Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,  
 She rode triumphant ~~over~~ the vanquish'd world ;  
 Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,  
 And all was Ignorance and all was Night.

Oh ! sacred Age ! oh ! Times for ever lost !  
 (The Schoolman's glory, and the Churchman's boast.)  
 For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,  
 Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,  
 And bring the buried ages back to view. }

ELEGY WRITTEN IN

High on her car, behold the Grandam ride  
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride ;  
\*\*\* a team of harness'd monarchs bend  
\* \* \* \* \*

---

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY GHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls \* the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring thro' her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged bosoms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

.....  
The past is dead, the future is a dream, the present is a shadow.



The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care,  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud! impute to these the fault,  
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart-ach'd parent, or young soul with woe

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

\* This part of the elegy differs from the original in the following stanza was excluded with the other stanzas.

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd,

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd  
The place of fame and elegy supply, [Muse,  
And many a holy text around she strews  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?  
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes \* live their wonted fires.  
For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead  
Dost in those lines their artless tale relate,  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,  
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

How the sacred calm that breathes around,  
How every fierce tumultuous passion cease,  
How all tumult ceases whisp'ring from the ground  
The awful silence of eternal peace

*C'è rapito nel penzier, dolce mio fuoco,  
Fredda era lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi  
Non m'arabbono noi vien di faville. Petrarch, Son. 102.*

" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.  
     " There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 " That wreathes its old fantastic root so high,  
 " His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.  
     " Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
 " Now drooping, woful wan ! like one forlorn,  
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.  
     " One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
 " Along the heath, \* and near his fav'rite tree ;  
 " Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :  
     " The next, with dirges due, in sad array  
 " Slow thro' the churchway-path we saw him borne :  
 " Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn : " †

\* Mr. Gray forgot, when he displaced, by the preceding stanza, his beautiful description of the evening haunt, the reference to it which he had here left;

~~While~~ have we seen the greenwood side along,  
 While o'er the heath we hy'd our labour done,  
 Oft is the woodcock pip'd her farewell song,  
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

† In the early editions the following lines were added, but the parenthesis was thought too long;

There scatter'd oft the earliest of the year,  
 By hands unseen, are show'rs of v'lets found ;  
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

## THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head ~~on~~ on the lap of Earth  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send ;  
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose \*)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

*Æ...Paventosa speme.*

*Petrarch, Son 114.*



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## MISCELLANIES.

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### AN IMITATION FROM THE GODODIN.

[See "*the death of Hoel*."]

HAVE you seen the tusky boar,  
Or the bull with sullen roar,  
On surrounding foes advanc'd?  
So Caradoc bore his lance.

Conan's name, my lay, rehearse,  
Build to him the lofty verse,  
Sacred tribute of the Bard,  
Verse, the Heroe's sole reward!  
As the flame's devouring force;  
As the whirlwind in its course;  
As the thunder's fiery stroke  
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;  
Did the sword of Conan mow  
The crimson harvest of the foe.

## TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

**T**HIRD in the labours of the disk came on,  
 With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon ;  
 Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,  
 By Phlegyas warn'd and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate }  
 That to avoid, and this to emulate.  
 His vig'rous arm he try'd before he flung,  
 Brac'd all his nerves and ev'ry sinew strung,  
 Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye  
 Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high ;  
 The orb on high, tenacious of its course,  
 True to the mighty arm that gave it force,  
 Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see  
 Its ancient lord secure of victory :  
 The theatre's green height and woody wall  
 Tremble ere it precipitates its fall ;  
 The pond'rous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,  
 While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound,  
 As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,  
 The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock,  
 Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar ;  
 And parting surges round the vessel roar ;  
 'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,  
 And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.  
 A tiger's pride the victor bore away,  
 With native spots and artful labour gay,  
 A shining border round the margin roll'd,  
 And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

*Cambridge, May 8th, 1736.*



## A LONG STORY.

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**Advertisement.**

Mr. GRAY's *Elegy*, previous to its publication, was handed about in MS. and had amongst other admirers the Lady Cobham, who resided in the mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance inducing her to wish for the Author's acquaintance, Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to introduce her to him. These two ladies waited upon the Author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided, and not finding him at home they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprized at such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, he gave the humorous and lively account of it which the Long Story contains.

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,  
 An ancient pile of building stands;  
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
 Employ'd the pow'r of Fairy hands  
     To raise the ceiling's fretted height,  
 Each pannel in atchievements clothing,  
 Rich windows that-exclude the light,  
 And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,  
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,

\* The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building, which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton.

My grave Lord-Keeper \* led the brawls;  
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat and sattin doublet,  
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,  
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!  
Shame of the versifying tribe!  
Your hist'ry whether are you spinning?  
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)  
From whence one fatal morning issues  
A brace of warriors, † not in buff,  
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came *cap-a-pee* from France,  
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,  
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,  
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heav'n  
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;  
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,  
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—  
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her,

\* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. Brawls were a sort of a figure-dance then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillions, or still more modern quadrilles.

† The reader is already apprised who these ladies were; the two descriptions are prettily contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eighth stanza.

Melissa is her *nom de guerre* ;  
 Alas ! who would not wish to please her ?

With bonnet blue and capuchin,  
 And aprons long, they hid their armour,  
 And veil'd their weapons bright and keen  
 In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—r\*  
 (By this time all the parish know it)  
 Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd  
 A wicked imp they call a Poet,

Who prowl'd the country far and near,  
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,  
 Dry'd up the cows and lam'd the deer,  
 And suck'd the eggs and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,  
 Swore by her coronet and ermine  
 She'd issue out her high commission  
 To rid the manor of such vermine.

The heroines undertook the task ;  
 Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,  
 Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,  
 But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,  
 They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,  
 Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,  
 And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

\* I have been told that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name, yet surely without any great reason.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,  
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,  
Run hurry scurry round the floor,  
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,  
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!  
Under a tea-cup he might lie,  
Or creas'd like dog's-cars in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops  
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,  
Convey'd him underneath their hoops  
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says (who will believe)  
But that they left the door a-jar,  
Where safe, and laughing in his sleeve,  
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy: he little knew  
The pow'r of magic was no fable;  
Out of the window wisk they flew,  
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,  
The Poet felt a strange disorder;  
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,  
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,  
The pow'rful pothooks did so move him,  
That will he nill to the great house  
He went as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,  
For folks in fear are apt to pray)

To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,  
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel ;  
But with a blush, on recollection,  
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel  
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there ;  
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping  
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,  
And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night  
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,  
(Stayack \* has often seen the sight)  
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry :

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,  
Sour visages enough to scare ye,  
High dames of honour once that garnish'd  
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary !

The peeress comes : the audience stare,  
And doff their hats with due submission ;  
She court'sies, as she takes her chair,  
To all the people of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib  
Had in imagination fenc'd him,  
Disprov'd the arguments of Squib, \*  
And all that Groom † could urge against him ;

But soon his rhetoric forsook him  
When he the solemn hall had seen ;

\* The housekeeper.

\* The steward.

† Groom of the chamber.

# MISCELLANIES.

A sudden fit of ague shook him ;  
 He stood as mute as poor Maclean. \*  
 Yet something he was heard to mutter,  
 ' How in the park beneath an old tree  
 (Without design to hurt the butter,  
 Or any malice to the poultry)  
 ' He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet,  
 ' Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon ;  
 ' Numbers would give their oaths upon it  
 ' He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken.'

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd † face  
 Already had condemn'd the sinner :  
 My Lady rose, and with a grace—  
 She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner. ‡

' Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,  
 ' Why, what can the Viscountess mean !'  
 ' Cry'd she square hoods in woful fidget,  
 ' The times are alter'd quite and clean !  
 ' Decorum's turn'd to mere civility ;  
 ' Her air and all her manners shew it :  
 ' Commend me to her affability !  
 ' Speak to a Commoner and Poet !'

[Here 500 stanzas are lost.]

\* A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

† Hagg'd, i. e. the face of a witch or hag ; the epithet *hagg'd* has been sometimes mistaken as conveying the same idea, but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk called an haggard.

‡ Here the story finishes ; the exclamation of the ghosts which follows is characteristic of the Spanish manners of the age when they are supposed to have lived ; and the 500 stanzas said to be lost, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long, winded expostulation.

And so God save our noble king,  
And guard us from long winded lubbers,  
That to eternity would sing,  
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

---

THE  
ALLIANCE  
OF  
EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.  
A FRAGMENT.

---

ESSAY I.

---

— Πότε γ' ὦ γαθή; ται γαρ μοῖδαν  
Οὐτι πω εἰς Αἶδαν γι τὸν ἐκλελαθονῖα φυλαξεῖς.  
*Theocritus.*

---

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,  
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,  
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,  
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:  
And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,  
The soil, tho' fertile, will not teem in vain,

Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,  
 Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies :  
 So draw mankind in vain the vital air,  
 Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,  
 That health and vigour to the soul impart,  
 Spread the young thought, and warm the opening  
 So fond instruction on the growing powers [heart :  
 Of Nature idly lavishes her stores,  
 If equal Justice with unclouded face  
 Smile not indulgent on the rising race,  
 And scatter with a free, tho' frugal hand,  
 Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land :  
 But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,  
 To check their tender hopes with chilling fear, }  
 And blast the blooming promise of the year. }

This spacious animated scene survey,  
 From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,  
 His sable sons with nearer course surrounds  
 To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.  
 How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,  
 Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,  
 Alike to all, the kind, impartial heav'n  
 The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n :  
 With sense to feel, with memory to retain,  
 They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain ;  
 Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,  
 The event presages, and explores the cause ;  
 The soft returns of gratitude they know,  
 By fraud elude, by force repel the foe ;



While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear  
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, thro' ages by what fate confin'd  
To different climes seem different souls assign'd ?  
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease  
Fix and improve the polish'd arts of peace.  
There industry and gain their vigils keep,  
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep  
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail ;  
There languid pleasure sighs in every gate.  
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar.  
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war ;  
And, where the deluge burst, with sweeping sway  
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.  
As oft have issued, host impelling host,  
The blue-ey'd myriads from the Baltic coast.  
The prostrate South to the Destroyer yields  
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields :  
With grim delight the brood of winter view  
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue,  
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,  
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.  
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,  
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,  
While European freedom still withstands  
Th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands ;  
And sees far off with an indignant groan  
Her native plains, and empires once her own ?  
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame  
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame ;

All lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,  
 And expire beneath the eye of day ?  
 Need we the influence of the Northern star  
 To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war ?  
 And, where the face of Nature laughs around,  
 Must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground ?  
 Unmanly thought ! what seasons can controul,  
 What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,  
 Who, conscious of the source from whence she  
 By Reason's light, on Resolution's wings, [springs,  
 Of her frail companion, dauntless goes  
 O'er Lybia's deserts and thro' Zembla's snows ?  
 She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,  
 And the touch, another temper take,  
 Surpasses the inferior laws that rule our clay :  
 The stubborn elements confess her sway ;  
 Their little wants, their low desires, refine,  
 And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth  
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.  
 As various tracks enforce a various toil,  
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil.  
 An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,  
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain :  
 For where unwearied sinews must be found  
 With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,  
 To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,  
 To brave the savage rushing from the wood,  
 What wonder, if, to patient valour train'd,  
 They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd.

And while their rocky ramparts round they ~~were~~  
 The rough abode of want and liberty,  
 (As lawless force from confidence will grow)  
 Insult the plenty of the vales below?  
 What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread  
 Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed  
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,  
 And broods o'er Ægypt with his wat'ry wings,  
 If, with advent'rous oar and ready sail,  
 The dusky people drive before the gale;  
 Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,  
 That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

\* \* \* \* \*

## STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

## A FRAGMENT.

IN silent gaze the tuneful choir among,  
 Half-pleas'd, half blushing let the Muse admire,  
 While Bentley leads her sister art along,  
 And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought  
 Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;  
 Each dreams, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,  
 To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,  
 To censure cold, and negligent of fame,

# MISCELLANIES.

[redacted] er measures animated run,  
 [redacted] catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

[redacted] could they catch his strength, his easy grace,  
 His quick creation, his unerring line;  
 The energy of Pope they might efface,  
 And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to ~~one~~ in this benighted age,  
 Is that ~~divine~~ inspiration giv'n,  
 That burns in Shakespeare's, or in Milton's page,  
 The pomp and prodigality of Heav'n.

As when conspiring in the Diamond's blaze,  
 The ~~various~~ gems, that singly charm the sight,  
 Together send their intermingled rays,  
 And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast  
 My lines a secret sympathy impart;  
 And as their pleasing influence *flows confest*,  
 A sigh of soft reflection *heave the heart*.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The words in *italick* were supplied by Mr. Mason.

# THE ENQUIRY.

WITH Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded to languish—  
 To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish,  
 To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morn-  
 ing—  
 To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;  
 Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—  
 Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning  
 connected!  
 Ah say fellow-swains how these symptoms beset me?  
 They smile, but reply not—Sure DELIA CAN  
 FELI ME!

---

# IMPROMPTU.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766,

OF THE

*Seat and ruins of a deceased Nobleman,  
 at Kingsgate, Kent.*

OLD and abandon'd by each venal friend,  
 Here H—d form'd the pious resolution  
 To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend  
 A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice ;  
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighb'ring sand ;  
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,  
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reign the blust'ring North and blighting East,  
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing ;  
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,  
Art he invokes new honours still to bring.

Here mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,  
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,  
Unpeopled monastries delude our eyes,  
And ~~man~~ desolation covers all.

' Ah ! 'said the sighing peer, ' had B—te been true,  
' Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,  
' Far better scenes than these had blest our view,  
' And realiz'd the beauties which we feign.

' Purg'd by the sword, and purify'd by fire,  
' Then had we seen proud London's hated walls ;  
' Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,  
' And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.'

# THE CANDIDATE ;

OR

THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.

*Written previous to the election of a High Steward of the University of Cambridge, for which office the noble lord alluded to, made an active canvass.*

W H E N sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his [face,  
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,  
A wooing he went, where three sisters of old  
In harmless society guttle and scold.

Lord, Sister ! says P H Y S I C to L A W, I declare,  
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air !  
Not I for the Indies !—You know I'm no prude,—  
But his name is a shame,—and his eyes are so lew'd !  
Then he shambles, and straddles so oddly—I fear—  
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear.

I don't know, says L A W, but methinks for his look  
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book ;  
Then his character, P h y z z y,—his morals—his  
life—

When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wife,  
They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and w—g.  
And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring !  
His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks ;—  
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six.

DIVINITY heard, between waking and dozing,  
Her sisters denying and Jemmy proposing :  
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,  
She strok'd up her belly, and strok'd down her  
band— ling—  
What a pother is here about wenching and roar—  
Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon w—g :  
Did not Israel filch from th' Egyptians of old  
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold ?  
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie ;  
He drinks—so did Noah ;—he swears—so do I :  
To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd ;  
Besides, he repents—for he talks about G\*\*—

[To Jimmy.]

Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,  
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. *Twitcher* myself.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

**SONNET.**

ON THE DEATH OF MR. R. WEST.

**I**N vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :  
The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;  
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :



These cares, alas ! for other notes repine,  
 A different object do these eyes require ;  
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;  
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :  
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear :  
 To warm their little loves the birds complain :  
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
 And weep the more because I weep in vain.

---

## EPITAPH

ON MRS. CLARKE.

Lo ! where this silent marble weeps,  
 A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps ;  
 A heart, within whose sacred cell,  
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell ;  
 Affection warm and faith sincere,  
 And soft humanity were there.  
 In agony, in death, resign'd,  
 She felt the wound she left behind.  
 Her infant image here below  
 Sits smiling on a father's wo,

\* This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsom, died April 27th, 1757, and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

Whom what awaits while yet he strays  
 Along the lonely vale of days ?  
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear,  
 A sigh, an unavailing tear,  
 Till time shall ev'ry grief remove  
 With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

---

## EPITAPH

ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

*[Killed at the siege of Belleisle in 1761.]*

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,  
 Young Williams fought for England's fair renown ;  
 His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,  
 Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At Aix his voluntary sword he drew,  
 There first in blood his infant honour seal'd ;  
 From fortune, pleasure, science, love he flew,  
 And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,  
 Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps—  
 Ah, gallant youth ! this marble tells the rest,  
 Where melancholy friendship bends and weeps.

SONG.

*Written at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Gen-  
nians the thought from the French.*

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore  
In the Spring he would return——  
Ah! what means the op'ning flow'r!  
And the bud that decks the thorn!  
'Twas the nightingale that sung!  
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!  
Why such unavailing haste?  
Gentle gales and sky serene,  
Prove not always winter past.  
Cease my doubts, my fears to move,  
Spare the honour of my love.

---

TOPHET:

AN EPIGRAM.

*[Mr Etough, of Cambridge University, was a person de-  
notable for the eccentricities of his character, as for his  
personal appearance. A Mr Iytton, of Benet College, made  
a sketching of his head, and presented it to Mr Gray, who  
wrote under it the following lines]*

[fiend,  
THUS Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling  
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd and call'd him friend.

## MISCELLANIES.

Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,  
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte ;  
Hosannas rung thro' Hell's tremendous borders,  
And satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

---

## GRAY OF HIMSELF.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,  
He had not the method of making a fortune ;  
Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd,  
No very great wit, he believ'd in a God :  
A post or a pension he did not desire,  
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.

THE END.

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## CONTENTS.

---

THE Life of the Author - - - - -	Page 5
His last Will and Testament - - - - -	23

### ODES.

On the Spring - - - - -	29
On the death of a favorite Cat - - - - -	31
On a distant prospect of Eton College - - -	33
To Adversity - - - - -	37
The progress of Poesy - - - - -	40
The Bard - - - - -	47
The Fatal Sisters - - - - -	55
The Descent of Odin - - - - -	60
A literal version of the original poem - - -	64
The Triumph of Owen - - - - -	71
The death of Hoel - - - - -	73
For Music - - - - -	74
On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude - -	78
Hymn to Ignorance - - - - -	82

### ELEGY.

In a Country Church-yard - - - - -	84
------------------------------------	----

### MISCELLANIES.

An Imitation from the Gododin - - - - -	91
---	----

# CONTENTS.

	Page
Translation of a passage from Statius - - - - -	92
A long Story - - - - -	93
The Alliance of Education and Government	99
Stanzas to Mr. Bentley - - - - -	103
The Enquiry - - - - -	105
Impromptu suggested by a view of the Seat of a deceased Nobleman - - - - -	ib.
The Candidate, or the Cambridge Courtship	107
Sonnet on the death of Mr. R. West - - - -	108
Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke - - - - -	109
——— Sir W. Williams - - - - -	110
Song - - - - -	111
Tophet an Epigram - - - - -	ib.
Gray of himself - - - - -	112

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THE  
*POETICAL WORKS*  
OF  
RICHARD WEST.  
WITH  
*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

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THE LIFE  
OF  
RICHARD WEST.

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MR. Richard West, whose time of birth may be nearly estimated from the epitaph which closes this short account, was the only son of the right Hon. Richard West, sometime lord chancellor of Ireland; and grandson, by his mother, to the celebrated bishop Burnet.

Mr. West was originally intended for the Law, but the studies necessary to qualify him for that profession, became more irksome as his taste for poetry increased, till, at length, as he informs his friend Gray in a letter, his aversion grew almost insuperable.

Our author's life was short; a consumption preyed upon his frame, and his death was hastened by the overwhelming pressure of family distresses—he was buried in the chancel of Halfield church, beneath a stone, bearing the following inscription:

' Here lieth the body of Richard West,  
' Esq. only son to the right Hon. Richard  
' West, Esq. late lord chancellor of Ire-  
' land, who died the 1st of June, 1742,  
' in the 26th year of his age.'



---

## MISCELLANIES.

---

### AD AMICOS.

*[Imitated from Tibullus, Book iii Eleg 5. and Mr. Pope's  
letter in sickness to Mr. Steele.]*

YEs, happy youths ! on Cadmus' sedgy side  
You feel each joy that friendship can divide,  
Each realm of science and of art explore,  
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,  
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend  
To raise the genius or the heart to mend ;  
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walks you rove,  
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,  
Where social oft and oft alone ye chuse  
To catch the zephyr and to court the Muse ;  
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art  
These lines give back the image of my heart)  
At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,  
Or aims, or seems to aim the dart of Fate ;

---

Vos tenet, Etruscis manat quæ fontibus unda,  
Unda sub æstivum non adeunda canem.  
Nunc autem sacris Bæthum maxima lymphis,  
Quum se purpureo vere remittit hiems.  
At mihi Persephone nigram denuntiat horam  
Inmerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.

From you remote, methinks alone I stand,  
Like some sad exile in a desert land,  
Around no friends their lenient care to join  
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.  
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,  
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;  
To sickness still, and still to grief, a prey,  
Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n ! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,  
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?  
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life  
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife ?  
Did e'er this tongue the sland'rer's tale proclaim,  
Or madly violate my Maker's name ?  
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,  
Or know a thought but all the world might know ?  
As yet just started from the lists of time  
My growing years have scarcely told their prime ;

---

Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virorum  
Audax laudandæ sacra docere Deæ.  
Nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula succis  
Dextera, nec quicumq; tætra venena dedit.  
Nec nos insana meditantes jurgia mente  
Inopia in adversos solvimus ora Deos.  
Et nondum cani nigros latere capillos,  
Nec venit tardo curva Senecta pede.  
Natalem nostri primum videre parentes  
(Quam cecidi fatis consul uterque pari.)

Useless as yet thro' life I've idly run,  
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.  
 Ah! who ere autumn's mellowing sun's appear  
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year,  
 Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray,  
 Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?  
 Stern pow'r of Fate! whose ebon sceptre rules  
 'The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,  
 Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,  
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;  
 Ah! stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,  
 Shake in my head and falter in my pace;  
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,  
 And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak 'is man to Reason's judging eye! \*  
 Born in this moment, in the next we die;  
 Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,  
 Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.  
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise;  
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise:

Quid fraudare juvat vitem crescentibus uvis?  
 Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu? \*  
 Parcite, pallentes undas quicumque tenetis,  
 Duraque sortiti tertia regni Dei  
 Elysios olim liceat cognoscere campos,

\* "There is (says Mr. Mason) a peculiar blemish in this line, "arising from the synonymous *mala* and *poma*."—But 'who, that can either construe or scan this line, could have taken these words for *synonymous*?"

Wealth, lineage, honours, conquests or a throne,  
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own.  
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing,  
 And fair-fac'd youth \* is ever on the wing:  
 'Tis like the stream aside whose wat'ry bed  
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;  
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,  
 Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies;  
 The waves the while beneath in secret flow,  
 And undermine the hollow bank below;  
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way  
 Bare all the roots and on their fibres prey;  
 Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,  
 And sinks untimely in the whelming tide.  
 But why repine? does life deserve my sigh?  
 Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.  
 For those the wretches † I despise or hate,  
 I neither envy nor regard their fate.

---

*Letheamque ratem, - Cimmeriosque lacus,  
 Quum mea rugosa pallebunt ora' Senecta,*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear æstu!*

\* 'Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is like the stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret.' *Pope.*

† 'I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men whom I never had any esteem for are likely to enjoy this world after me.' *Pope.*

For me, whene'er all-conqu'ring Death shall spread  
 His wings around my unrepining head  
 I care not \* : tho' this face be seen no more,  
 The world will pass as cheerful as before,  
 Bright as before the day-star will appear,  
 The fields as verdant and the skies as clear ;  
 Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,  
 Nor signs on earth nor potents in the air ;  
 Unknown and silent will depart my breath,  
 Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.  
 Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)  
 Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise :  
 Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end, [mend :  
 Their praise would crown me as their procepta  
 To them may these fond lines my name endear  
 Not from the poet but the friend sincere. †

---

 ELEGIA.

QUOD mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camænæ,  
 Qualia Mænalius Pan Deus ipse velit,  
 Amplector te, Graie, et toto corde reposco,  
 Oh desiderium jam nimis usque meum :  
 Et mihi rura placent, et me quoq ; sæpe volentem  
 Duxerunt Dryades per sua prælia Dææ ;

\* 'The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as  
 'ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green ;  
 'people will laugh, &c.' *Pope*.

† This epistle was written from Christ church, Oxford, July  
 4th, 1737, in the 21st year of his age.

MISCELLANIES.

Nec ubi lymphæ fugit liquido pede, sive virentem,  
 Magnæ decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum :  
 Illuc mane novo vagor, illuc vespere fero,  
 Et noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano.  
 Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida sylvæ :  
 Ah, si desit amor, nil mihi rura placent.  
 Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,  
 Regnat et in Cœlis, regnat et Oceano ;  
 Ille gregem taurosque domat, sæviq; leonem  
 Seminis ; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros :  
 Quin et fervet amore nemus, ramoque sub omni  
 Concentu tremulo plurima gaudet avis.  
 Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ  
 Duræ etiam et fertur saxa animasse Venus.  
 Durior et saxis, et robore durior elle est.  
 Sincero siquis pectore amare vetat :  
 Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,  
 Non illi arcanum cor aperire velim ;  
 Nescit amicitias, teneros qui nescit amores :  
 Ah ! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.  
 Me licet a patriâ longè in tellure juberent  
 Externâ positum ducere fata dies ;  
 Si vultus modo amatus adesset, non ego contra  
 Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos.  
 At dulci in gremio curarum obliuia ducens  
 Nil cuperem præter posse placere meæ ;  
 Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neque munera regum.  
 Illa intra optarem brachia cara mori.

Æt. 17th. 1738.



## ELEGIA.

*[Addressed to Mr. Gray.]*

**E**RGO desidiæ videor tibi crimine dignus ;  
 Et merito : victas do tibi sponte manus.  
 Arguor et veteres nimium contemnere Musas,  
 Irata et nobis est Medicæa Venus.  
 Mene igitur statuas et inania saxa vereri !  
 Stultule ! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere ?  
 Hic veræ, hic vivæ Veneres, et mille per urbem,  
 Quantum nulla queât non placuisse Jovi.  
 Cedite Romanæ formosæ, et cedite Graiæ,  
 Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermonia !  
 Et, quasçunque refert ætas vetus, Heroïnæ :  
 Unus honor nostris jam venit Angliasin.  
 Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis !  
 I nunc et Tuscas improbe confer opes.  
 Ne tamen hæc obtusa nimis præcordia credas,  
 Neu me adeo nullâ Pallâde progenitum :  
 Testor Pæridumque umbras et flumina Pindi  
 Me quæque Calliopes semper amâsse choros ;  
 Et dudum Ausonias urbes, et vias Graias  
 Curæ est, ingenio si licet ire meo :  
 Sive est Phidiacum marmor, seu Mentoris æra,  
 Seu patris Cæo nobilis ætæ lapides ;  
 Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentium  
 Romanique decus nominis et Veneti :  
 Quæ Furor et Mavoræ et sævo in marmore vultus,  
 Quæque et formosæ mollior ære Venus.

Quaque loquax spirat fucus, vivique labores,  
 Et quicquid calamo dulcius ausa manus :  
 Hic nemora, et sola mærens Melibæus in umbræ,  
 Lymphaque muscoso prosiliens lapide ;  
 Illic majus opus, faciesque in pariete major  
 Exurgens, Divûm, et numina Cœlicolum ;  
 O vos fœlices, quibus hæc cognoscere fas est,  
 Et tota Italia, qua patet usque, frui !  
 Nulla dies vobis eat injucunda, nec usquam  
 Noritis quid sit tempora amara pati.

—— *It was the production of four o'clock in the morning, while I lay in my bed tossing and coughing, and all unable to sleep.*——

ANTE omnes morbos importunissima tussis,  
 Qua durare datur, traxitque sub ilia vires :  
 Dura etenim versans imo sub pectore regna,  
 Perpetuo exercet teneras luctaminè costas,  
 Oraque distortet, vocemque immutat anhelam :  
 Nec cessare locus : sed sævo concita motu  
 Molle domat latus, et corpus labor omne fatigat :  
 Unde molesta dies, nectemque insomnia turbant.  
 Nec tua, si mecum Comes hic jucundus adesses,  
 Verba juvare queant, aut hunc lenire dolorem  
 Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus.

## ODE.

**D**EAR Gray! that always in my heart  
 Possesses far the better part,  
 What mean these sudden blasts that rise,  
 And drive the zephyrs from the skies?  
 O join with mine thy tuneful lay,  
 And invoke the tardy May.

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,  
 Bring all the Graces in thy train:  
 With balmy breath and flow'ry tread  
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,  
 Where in Elysian slumber bound  
 Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,  
 Recall the zephyrs from the west;  
 Restore the sun, revive the skies,  
 At mine and Nature's call arise!  
 Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,  
 And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,  
 The labours of Pomona fade;  
 A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,  
 Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;  
 The birds forget to love and sing,  
 With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with pleasure at thy side,  
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide ;  
Create where'er thou turn'st thy eye  
Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,  
Till ev'ry being share its part,  
And heav'n and earth be glad at heart.

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## TRANSLATED

FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

**P**ERSPICUI puerum ludentem in margine rivi  
Immersit vitreæ limpidus error aquæ :  
At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit  
Credula, et amplexu funus inane foveat ;  
Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno  
Languidus, æternum lumina composuit.

---

TO MR. GRAY.

**O** Mææ jucunda comes quietis !  
Quæ fere ægrotum solita es levare  
Pectus, et sensim ah ! mimis ingruentes  
Fallere curas :

Quid canes ? quanto Lyra dic furore  
Gesties, quando hac reducem sodalem  
Glauciam \* gaudere simul videbis  
Meque sub umbra ?

*Cetera Desiderantur.*

\* Mr Gray.

END OF WEST.



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## CONTENTS.

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	Page
THE Life of the Author - - - - -	117
Ad Amicos, imitated from Tibullus, book III.	
Eleg. 5. - - - - -	119
Elegia - - - - -	123
Elegia addressed to Mr. Gray - - - - -	125
Lines written in the Night during illness - -	126
Ode - - - - -	127
Translation from the Greek of Posidippus -	128
To Mr. Gray - - - - -	ib.